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The Man from Mexico

BY

H. A. DuSOUCHET



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

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A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

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A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.) Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

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An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

THE MAN FROM MEXICO

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

29
1817

BY
H. A. DU SOUCHET

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Act of March 4, 1909.

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THE MAN FROM MEXICO

CHARACTERS.

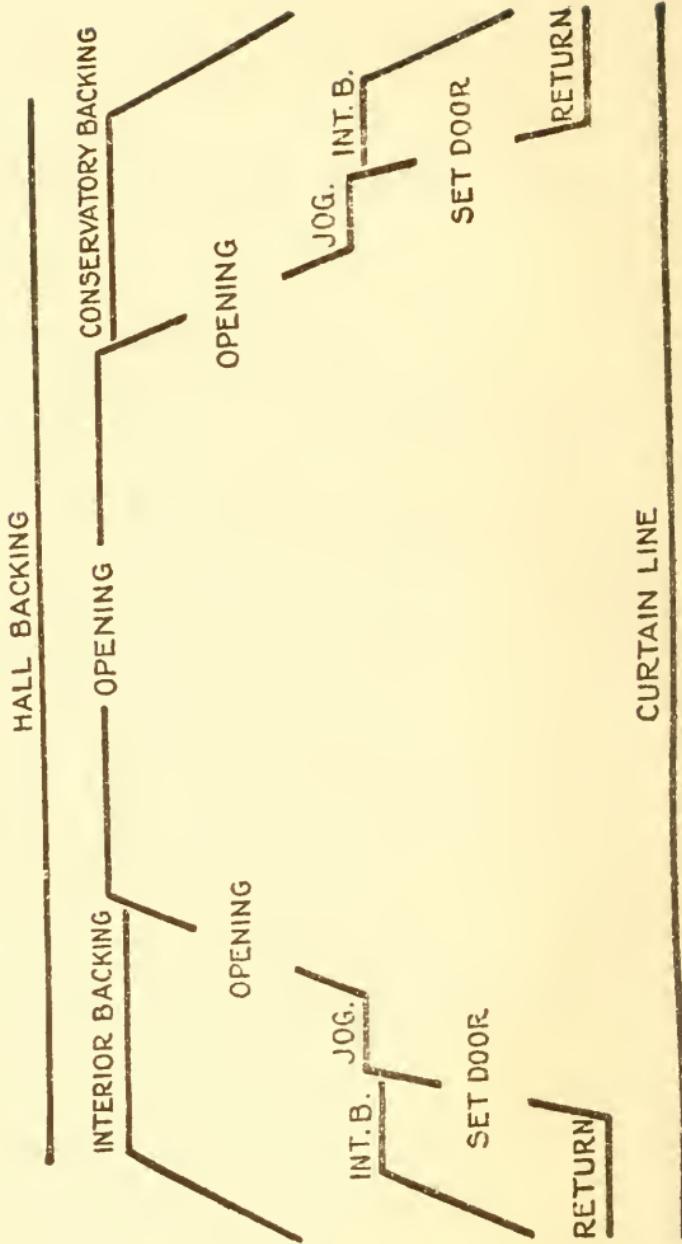
BENJAMIN FITZHEW
COL. RODERICK MAJORS
LOVEALL
VON BULOW BISMARCK SCHMIDT
EDWARD FARRAR
RICHARD DAUNTON
TIMOTHY COOK.....*A Tammany Deputy Sheriff*
OFFICER O'MULLINS
GOOGAN
LOUIS.....*A waiter from the Cleopatra*
CLEMENTINA FITZHEW
SALLIE GRAICE
NETTIE MAJORS
MIRANDA.....*A Maid*

ACT I. Ice water.
ACT II. Warm water.
ACT III. Hot water.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.

LIGHT, HANDSOME INTERIOR



THE MAN FROM MEXICO

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Bell at rise, MIRANDA enters at rise R. 2 with two syphons. Puts them on stand by piano L.*

MIRANDA. Poor Mr. Fitzhew is in a terrible state. It's too bad his wife is out of town. I do hope she will come back soon. (*Hears bell off R. 2*) There's that bell again! All right! Mr. Fitzhew comes home at noon with Mr. Majors; he does nothing but ring for seltzer and ice water. I wonder what he does with it all? Nice excuse! Just because Mrs. Fitzhew is away visiting her mother Mr. Fitzhew stays out all night and comes home with a strange looking man who is in that room now. He seems to be watching Mr. Fitzhew as a cat does a mouse. (*Hears bell off R. 2*) All right, I'm coming! (*Takes pitcher from table R. C. to door R. 2 E.*) Here, sir! There's something strange about it all. After inviting guests to dinner in honor of Miss Sallie's engagement to Mr. Daunton, Mrs. and Mr. Fitzhew both find some excuse for remaining away and compel poor Miss Sallie to make all the necessary arrangements. (*At table R. C., turns to go up C., meets SALLIE. Enter SALLIE C. D., from L., street dress, with hat*)

SALLIE. (*To sofa L. C.*) Miranda, is there any message from my sister?

MIRANDA. (*R. C.*) No, Miss Sallie; but Miss Majors has called.

SALLIE. (*L.*) Where is she?

MIRANDA. (*R. C.*) In your room.

SALLIE. (L.) Send her to me! (*Goes to sofa, sits, takes hat off*)

MIRANDA. Yes, Miss Sallie. (*Exits R. I E.*)

SALLIE. I do wish Clementina would come home. It's bad enough to be the object of suspicion without being obliged to attend to all the details.

(*Bell heard off-stage R. 2 E.* Enter NETTIE R. I E.)

NETTIE. (*Crosses down R. c.*) You're home at last. I called to tell you that I received word from the President of the Ladies Flower Mission that they are going to visit the prison next week, and we are all invited to attend. (*Enter MIRANDA R. 2 E. with pitcher, exits R. I E.*) Sallie, big secret. (*Crosses L. c.*) Pop was out all night, didn't get home until noon, changed his clothes and went out again.

SALLIE. Where was he?

NETTIE. I don't know and don't care. (*SALLIE goes back to sofa, sits*) It doesn't do to know too much. All I want is a loophole to hang the doubt upon. (*Sits of R. end of sofa L. c. with SALLIE*)

SALLIE. What do you mean?

NETTIE. You see I have a scheme, I keep a little book, and as I discover I need a new pair of gloves or shoes, instead of going to Pop for them one at a time, I jot them all down, when I think there is a good chance—(*Enter MIRANDA R. 2 E., with pitcher*) I spring them all at once. This staying out all night is good for two or three pages in my book.

SALLIE. I think I'll try the same thing.

MIRANDA. Yes, Miss Sallie, you've got the same chance. Mr. Fitzhew was out all night and he didn't come home until noon. (*Exits c. d. to L.*)

NETTIE. They must have been together. I'll swell those four-button gloves from four to twenty-six, and add some silk shirtwaists and a pair of white shoes.

SALLIE. Why, Nettie, that would be blackmail.

NETTIE. Different people have different names, you know. (*Rises, crosses, to chair L. of table*) "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." I just jot it all down under the heading of: "Betting on a sure thing." You need not care, you are fixed. (*Sits on chair L. of table*)

SALLIE. That's just what I am worrying about. Why, the guests are all invited, when the formal announcement of my engagement is to be made, Clementina suddenly makes up her mind she must go to Mt. Vermon and see mother.

NETTIE. That's right find fault. Your sister and brother-in-law do all they can to make your wedding a social triumph and you find fault because your mother is ill and she has to go to her for a day or two.

SALLIE. I wouldn't care if mother were really ill, but I know it's only one of her hysterical fits, just because I am going to be married.

NETTIE. When did she go?

SALLIE. (*Rises, crosses to NETTIE*) Last night. Ben went out to an installation of officers, he said. Mr. Farrar called, and while Richard and I were playing chess, Clementina suddenly makes up her mind she must go to see her mother.

NETTIE. Who is this Mr. Farrar?

SALLIE. Oh, you have not met him. He is a nephew of the District Attorney. Clementina met him at the art gallery two or three weeks ago, and he asked her if he might call. He did so, last night, for the first time.

NETTIE. In love with you, eh? I am going to tell Richard.

SALLIE. (*Crosses back to sofa*) It wouldn't do you a bit of good; he wouldn't believe you.

NETTIE. Does Mr. Farrar know you are engaged?

SALLIE. Well, not exactly. You see he is one

of the stockholders at the Opera House, and when he placed his box at our disposal for Thursday nights—(*Naively*) well, I thought it better not to tell him until after the announcement of the engagement. (*Sits*)

NETTIE. You schemer!

(Enter DAUNTON c. from l.)

DAUNTON. Ah! there you are! (*Crosses* l. c.)

NETTIE. Hello, bridegroom!

DAUNTON. Not quite yet, but soon, eh, little one? (*Goes to SALLIE*)

SALLIE. Well, we can't set the day until after the announcement to-night. But promise me one thing.

DAUNTON. You! Anything.

SALLIE. Promise I can't make it too soon to please you.

DAUNTON. Too soon? Impossible. Just give me an idea *how* soon.

SALLIE. Now, let me see. Let's be patriotic—say the 4th of July?

DAUNTON. All right.

NETTIE. That's the worst day in the year for a wedding. (*Rises, crosses* c.)

DAUNTON and SALLIE. Why?

NETTIE. What's a wedding to do with the Declaration of Independence?

DAUNTON. Everything. But not to each other, as some people imagine. It should be the binding together of two people, who declare their allegiance each to the other, and their independence of the whole world.

SALLIE. Ain't he cute?

DAUNTON. Well, I just dropped in to say hello. You'll excuse me until evening. (NETTIE *crosses* r. c. *Starts up* c., *stops*) You see I have a building going up a few blocks from here.

NETTIE. Your own?

DAUNTON. Mine? Oh, no, but an architect looks upon a building for which he has prepared the plans, very much as a parent does a child. He watches it from the first breaking of the ground until the final cornice is placed. But I'll be back in time for the reception. Remember, nine o'clock.
(*Rises*)

(SALLIE goes to C. D. DAUNTON exits c. to L.)

NETTIE. (*Crossing up to SALLIE*) Sallie, I think you've made a good choice, and if he draws up a good set of plans and specifications for your future lives, you'll have no fault to find.

(Both exit R. I E. Enter FARRAR L. 3 E., looking about stage.)

FARRAR. It's all right, nobody's here. Come in, Mrs. Fitzhew. (*Crosses R. C.*)

(Enter CLEMENTINA L. 3 E.,)

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses to sofa L. C.*) That's the last time I'll ever try to catch my husband. (*Sits on sofa*) Oh, the disgrace, the disgrace of it all! To think that I should be arrested and taken to that dreadful station-house!

FARRAR. (*Crosses c., front of table*) But, my dear Mrs. Fitzhew, you really have no cause for alarm. You are not known in the matter at all. When I explain it to my uncle, the District Attorney, I am sure it will be dropped from the calendar.

CLEMENTINA. But should my husband ever learn—

FARRAR. Impossible, Madam, impossible. I have never met your husband, but expect to have that pleasure shortly.

CLEMENTINA. Are you quite sure my identity has been entirely concealed?

FARRAR. Quite positive. No one saw you at the Cleopatra.

CLEMENTINA. Yes, that waiter saw me.

FARRAR. I'll have him arrested, put out of the way until you are quite safe. But, Mrs. Fitzhew, I would like to speak to you about your sister, Sallie.

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside, crosses r.*) If she is engaged to Richard, he may withdraw his influence.

FARRAR. I have only met her once, but she is quite my ideal of womanhood.

CLEMENTINA. You must call on her, Mr. Farrar.

FARRAR. Thank you. (*Starts up c.*)

CLEMENTINA. But how about my affair? (*Rises*)

FARRAR. (*Crosses back to her, l. c.*) I repeat, Madam, you have no cause for alarm. (*Crosses to c. d.*) I'll go and see my uncle at once—but may I call again to see her?

CLEMENTINA. (*Rises, crosses up c.*) Yes, any time, only see me safely through this horrid affair first.

FARRAR. I'll do all in my power for your sake, and hers. (*Exits c. to l.*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses r. c.*) Thank you. What am I to do? Thirty guests will hear of her engagement to-night, they may tell Mr. Farrar and then he'll refuse to help me. Oh, I must in some way postpone it. (*Crosses l. c. Sits on sofa l. c. Enter NETTIE r. i e.*)

NETTIE. You here! Why, I thought you went to see your mother?

CLEMENTINA. (*Rises*) Yes, I know. (*Takes NETTIE to sofa—both sit*) Nettie, I can depend upon you. Mr. Farrar must not learn of Sallie's engagement for a few days. Can't you think of some way to postpone it?

NETTIE. Why, has your mother——?

CLEMENTINA. My mother knows nothing at all about it. I have not even seen my mother.

NETTIE. But you said——

CLEMENTINA. Yes, but it was all an excuse—a wretched, wretched excuse. Nettie, promise me that you will keep my secret.

NETTIE. Why, of course I will—but you are nervous.

CLEMENTINA. Nervous! Why, if I were of a nervous disposition, I would never be able to stand it. I'm not a bit nervous—simply agitated, upset. (*Crash. She starts, rises*) Oh, what was that?

NETTIE. Nothing, dear; perhaps Sallie, upstairs.

CLEMENTINA. (*Sits*) The disgrace! Assure me you will keep it from my husband, from Sallie, from everybody!

NETTIE. Why, of course, I will.

CLEMENTINA. Nettie, I overheard your father suggesting to my husband that as I was going on a visit to my mother, it would be a good time for them to take in that racket with the girls.

NETTIE. What's a racket?

CLEMENTINA. That's what I wanted to know, but I found out. I am not jealous—Nettie, no one could accuse me of that, but I determined to see for myself. Last night I went to the Cleopatra, the scene of the racket.

NETTIE. Oh, I know, that's one of those places where meals are served while the entertainment is going on.

CLEMENTINA. Yes, but how do you know that?

NETTIE. Oh, I have heard Pop speak of them, but I always supposed Mr. Fitzhew was such a *model* husband.

CLEMENTINA. Yes, Nettie, that is just why I suspected him. (*Starts—rises*) Oh, what was that?

NETTIE. (*Rises*) Nothing, dear. You are

nervous. (*Sits. Pulls CLEMENTINA down in seat*)

CLEMENTINA. Nervous? Why, the idea! I am not a bit nervous. (*Crash off-stage R. 3 E. Rises, crosses c.*) Now that *was* something.

NETTIE. Yes, but don't worry. Sit down and tell me all about last night.

(*Both sit.*)

CLEMENTINA. Nettie, you know I'm not jealous—no one could accuse me of that—when Mr. Fitzhew left the house last night, instead of going to my mother, I prevailed upon Mr. Farrar to accompany me to this awful place, the Cleopatra. I was heavily veiled and had just entered the room into which we were shown by an officious waiter, when the place was raided by the police, and we were all taken to that dreadful station-house.

NETTIE. And Mr. Fitzhew?

CLEMENTINA. He could not have been there, because everyone was arrested and he was not among them, for I saw them all.

NETTIE. And they all saw you?

CLEMENTINA. No, thank Heaven, no one but that wretched waiter. As I fell fainting into a chair, he rushed toward me with a glass of water, and raising my veil before I could prevent it, drenched me with its icy contents. We were released, pending further investigation. Mr. Farrar assures me he will be able to hush the matter up, but I am in hourly, momentary terror that my husband may learn of my disgrace. (*Rises, crosses c.*)

NETTIE. (*Rises*) But can you *trust* Mr. Farrar to keep your *secret*?

CLEMENTINA. I must, there is no alternative. But Sallie must never know. Where is she?

NETTIE. Upstairs, preparing to go with me to meet you. Come, (*Starts up L. c.*) dear, jump in a taxi, and hurry to the depot. I will delay her

here, to give you time to get there, we will meet you as though the train had just come in.

CLEMENTINA. You will find me in the station-house. (*Crossing to C. D.*)

NETTIE. Station-house?

CLEMENTINA. I mean the waiting-room. (*Exit Clementina c. to L.*)

NETTIE. And my Pop in it, too. I'll add a new Aeroplane suit to that list. (*Crosses to door R. 3 E.*)

(Enter MAJORS L. 3 E., window.)

MAJORS. Hello, Nettie dear.

NETTIE. I say, Pop, I have no time to talk business with you now, but when I return, I have a few important things to say. (*Exit Nettie L. 1 E.*)

MAJORS. All right, my dear, good-day, good-day. Well, that was a nice scrape Fitz got into last night. I suppose I will have to get him out of it, as I always do. I must start in to fix this thing up some way—where will I begin? I must get rid of that Sheriff at any cost, before Fitzhew's wife gets back. (*Crosses R. 2, calls*) Cook! Cook! Come here. (*Crosses c. Enter Cook R. 1 E.*) Where is Mr. Fitzhew?

COOK. (r. c.) He's in his room, dressing.

MAJORS. Has he seen you yet?

COOK. No, but I've been watching him for the last two hours from behind that door.

MAJORS. Oh! but he had a bird on last night.

COOK. I think it about time you bring him out, he'd better be posted before his wife comes home.

MAJORS. I say, Cook, can't I induce you to leave the house? As I said before, I will be personally responsible for his appearance.

COOK. And as I said before, it can't be done. Money might have got him off, but he insulted His Honor, and they are going to make an example of him. He's got to go with me to the Island before six o'clock.

MAJORS. The devil of it is, Fitz don't know he was arrested. He never would have thought of insulting a Judge in his sober senses. I never saw a man so stupefied!

COOK. Perhaps they gave him knockout drops.

MAJORS. Knockout drops—no, I don't think so. A very little goes a great ways with Fitz. Now I have *fixed* it with the newspapers—he is not known under his real name. He was sentenced under the name of John Martin.

COOK. And I was paid liberally for allowing him to come home to fix matters up for his trip to the cooler.

MAJORS. Yes, and I paid you.

COOK. Well, *you* had better get him out. I am tired of staying in that dark room, and I am going to keep a sharp eye on him. One fellow gave me the slip once, and this one better not try it. He's only got two hours—get him out. (*Bus. crosses—goes to Majors, c.*)

MAJORS. Oh, very well. Fitz, Fitz! (*Crosses to R. C.*)

FITZHEW. (*Off-stage*) All right. I'll be there in a minute.

MAJORS. (*Comes back to Cook, c.*) Now, you step aside until I break it to him gently. Fitz! (*Enter Fitzew R. 2, with pitcher, places it on table, c.*) Did you have breakfast?

FITZHEW. Yes, three cigarettes. That was an awful night, last night, wasn't it? (*Takes towel off*)

MAJORS. Awful. I say, Fitz, how does your head feel?

FITZHEW. I'm afraid to feel it, Majors. It's splitting.

MAJORS. Take a drink. It will do you good.

FITZHEW. Won't you join me?

MAJORS. No, thank you.

FITZHEW. Majors, for the last hour I have been

seeing the most horrible things in my room—
(*Taking drink, sees Cook*) there's one of them now.
(*Crosses to MAJORS L. c., Cook crosses L. c.*)
Who is that, Majors?

MAJORS. That, oh—that is Mr. Cook. Mr. Fitzhew, Mr. Cook.

COOK. Hello! (*Crosses L. of table c.*)

FITZHEW. Hello! He's a telephone man, isn't he? (*Crosses to MAJORS*) Friend of yours, Majors?

MAJORS. No, merely an acquaintance.

FITZHEW. Oh, I see. What is he doing here? I don't like his looks.

MAJORS. The fact is, he came home with us this morning.

FITZHEW. Oh, someone you picked up—bar-room acquaintance? Well, he looks it. (*Crosses R. with MAJORS. Cook follows*) Let's come over here and compare notes about last night. Now, after we left the Cleopatra—ask your friend to excuse himself.

MAJORS. (R. C.) Oh, he's all right.

FITZHEW. (R.) Is he? Well, I don't propose to have a stranger overhear my private affairs. (*To Cook*) I said private affairs. (*Crosses MAJORS to Cook*)

MAJORS. (*Cook crosses back of MAJORS and FITZHEW to door R. 2. Aside*) I suppose I must tell him everything that happened last night.

FITZHEW. Well, if he won't go, we will. Step in my room. (*Crosses up, MAJORS follows. Starts to go*)

COOK. (*Stopping him*) No, you don't!

FITZHEW. I beg your pardon, but this is my private apartment.

MAJORS. Don't be afraid to speak before him; why he knows it all.

FITZHEW. Well, he doesn't look as if he did. Come on over here. (*Crosses L. c. with MAJORS,*

FITZHEW and MAJORS cross L. COOK goes up-stage) Why don't you tell *me* something about it? I don't know anything that happened last night. Now, after we left the Cleopatra, where did we go?

MAJORS. (L.) To the Prospect, and we didn't leave the Cleopatra any too soon, at my suggestion —after we left, the place was raided by the police.

FITZHEW. I remember that, I remember running, and I remember that dark-eyed beauty, Paquita.

MAJORS. Yes, you did admire her, and do you know that you allowed her to take the photograph case your wife gave you?

FITZHEW. I didn't do anything of the kind. It fell out of my pocket, she picked it up and wouldn't give it back. What happened next?

MAJORS. Well, I suggested that we call a taxi for the ladies.

FITZHEW. How did I get in that row with the taxi-driver?

MAJORS. How? Because he refused to drive you to some woods in Jersey to see the sun rise at one o'clock in the morning. After *I* left, the policeman came up.

FITZHEW. After *you* left? It seems to me you knew when to leave.

MAJORS. I got rid of Paquita so as to avoid a scandal. Now, your wife is out of town and she'll know nothing of this if you are a little careful. Now I have *fixed* it all with the newspapers. (L.)

FITZHEW. (c.) Fixed it? Fixed what?

COOK. (c.) You had better explain to him.

FITZHEW. I should say so. Somebody had better explain.

MAJORS. Well, the truth of it is, you were arrested. (*Crosses to L. C.*)

FITZHEW. What! (L. C.)

MAJORS. And sentenced for thirty days.

FITZHEW. Now, don't talk nonsense, Majors, don't joke like this this morning. I am weak.

Cook. (*Crosses to FITZHEW*) Say, here is my authority. (*Shows badge*) And you have got to go with me to Blackwell's Island and serve thirty days.

FITZHEW. I think I'll go back to bed again and have this dream out. (*Crosses R.*)

Cook. No, you don't. (*Stops him*)

MAJORS. Better wake up, Fitz, and settle your affairs.

(Cook crosses up R. C.)

FITZHEW. (*Goes to MAJORS*) Why, Majors, you talk as if this was my last hour on earth. Isn't there any way out of this?

MAJORS. I don't know of any.

FITZHEW. You don't mean to say that I—

MAJORS. I have it! There is one chance left.

FITZHEW. For Heaven's sake, take it.

MAJORS. Young Farrar is in love with your sister-in-law, Sallie. Now if you could give this fellow some encouragement—

FITZHEW. Of course, I can. I'll give this fellow all the encouragement he wants. But I don't know him. Who is this young Farrar?

MAJORS. He's the nephew of the District Attorney.

FITZHEW. Well, I should say I could give him encouragement! You tell him he has my permission to make love to Sallie the rest of his life. (*Goes to table c., takes a drink*)

MAJORS. Good!

FITZHEW. Of course it's good—it's immense!

MAJORS. But Daunton might kick.

FITZHEW. What do I care about Daunton. What's an architect compared to a District Attorney, in a case like mine?

MAJORS. I thought you would say something like that, so I have already written to the District

Attorney, and expect an answer from him any moment, but I am sorry for Daunton.

FITZHEW. Oh, let Daunton go and build a brick wall 'round himself and stay in it. I'll postpone his engagement dinner. (*Looking at watch*) I have plenty of time, it's only a little after three.

MAJORS. Be careful now; you don't want to miss that Island boat.

FITZHEW. Yes, I *do* want to miss that Island boat. (*Crosses to MAJORS L. c., COOK crosses up c.*) You seem to take a great delight in having me make this little trip to the Island. Now, you know this thing can be fixed, Majors, you know I won't go to the Island. I will dismiss the idea— (*Sees COOK*) No! I can't with that thing over there. Look at that hat? Will you take that hat off, please? Why doesn't he go and hide someplace? Doesn't he ever eat, or sit down? (*COOK goes behind screen up R. c.*) The idea of my going to jail and wearing a striped suit! Why a striped necktie makes me crosseyed—Here I am, with a dinner for thirty persons on my hands—I'll have handcuffs on them before morning—on my hands, I mean. Why, it's absurd!

(*Enter CLEMENTINA c. from L.*)

CLEMENTINA. (r. c., *aside*) [I wonder if he knows?] Ah, Benjamin—(*Bus.*) Well, this is a warm welcome, and you haven't seen me for twenty-four hours.

FITZHEW. Hello! You see I have a headache and there are strangers present.

CLEMENTINA. But Mr. Majors is no stranger.

FITZHEW. Of course not. (*Cook looks up over to c. of screen up R. c.*) Take that hat off.

CLEMENTINA. What's that?

FITZHEW. Not you; I mean him.

CLEMENTINA. (*Turns and sees COOK*) Why! Who is that?

FITZHEW. That, my dear—is—Mr.—Mr.—

COOK. (Bowing) Cook, ma'am. (Comes from behind screen, up-stage)

CLEMENTINA. Cook? (To FITZHEW) Oh, the new cook for our dinner to-night. (Comes down R. C. To COOK) You may step downstairs, I'll see you in a few minutes. (Turns to FITZHEW who is nervously watching MAJORS all through scene) I was afraid I shouldn't get back in time for the dinner. (Sees COOK up-stage) Why don't that man go downstairs?

FITZHEW. (To COOK, aloud) Yes, why don't you go downstairs?

CLEMENTINA. Wait for me downstairs, please.

FITZHEW. Yes, wait for us downstairs, when she tells you, hurry up,—hurry down, I mean. (Crosses L. C.)

MAJORS. (Aside, down L.) Things are getting pretty warm here. I do hope the letter from the District Attorney will come.

(FITZHEW lighting cigarette; hand trembling.)

CLEMENTINA. Benjamin, you seem very nervous. (R. C.)

FITZHEW. Oh, no, I don't like the cook. Won't you get out?

(Enter MIRANDA C. D. L.)

MIRANDA. (Crosses down L. C. between FITZHEW and MAJORS) A letter from the District Attorney's office.

ALL. (COOK from behind screen. Bus. Start for MIRANDA—MAJORS takes letter) District Attorney?

MAJORS. For me. (Opens letter. MIRANDA exits C. D. L.)

CLEMENTINA. (Sees COOK) Why doesn't that man go?

FITZHEW. Get out of here! (*Up c. Bus. Stamps foot. Cook goes behind screen*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Looks at FITZHEW. Aside, r. c.*) I'm sure he's nervous. (*Crosses to MAJORS L. c.*) Don't you think so, Mr. Majors?

MAJORS. (*Bus. reading letter*) It's too damned bad.

CLEMENTINA. What?

MAJORS. Oh, I beg your pardon. I had reference to the letter.

(*FITZHEW shakes fist at MAJORS from behind CLEMENTINA. MAJORS has opened letter and is reading its contents without making any signs. FITZHEW is wild with curiosity to know its contents.*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside*) I'd like to know what's in that letter. (*Crosses to MAJORS*) Mr. Daunton, I feel sure, will make Sallie happy—I am very particular you know.

(*FITZHEW has grown desperate and finally breaks in upon CLEMENTINA.*)

FITZHEW. My dear! Don't you see that Mr. Majors wants to read his letter? Come, we'll go. (*Starts up stage with CLEMENTINA*)

COOK. (*Comes from behind screen*) No, you don't.

FITZHEW. See, we can't go now. (*Crosses c. to MAJORS. FITZHEW goes to MAJORS*) What is it?

(*MAJORS looks at letter again—FITZHEW, agitated, keeps his eye on MAJORS and his wife.*)

MAJORS. Get ready, Fitz, I've failed! You go to jail for thirty days.

(*FITZHEW puffing cigarette, goes up-stage.*)

CLEMENTINA. We must arrange some entertainment for our guests. Mr. Majors, I am sure, will help us out!

FITZHEW. (*Comes down-stage*) Yes. (*Aside*) He's a dandy to help anybody out.

CLEMENTINA. I trust your letter didn't bring any bad news? (*Crosses to door R. I.*)

MAJORS. Bad news? Ha, ha! She thinks this letter contains bad news! Ha, ha! (*Gaily*)

FITZHEW. Ha, ha! (*Bus. feeling head*)

MAJORS. Bad news! No, indeed; I have a friend in the office.

FITZHEW. (*Imitating, aside*) And one in jail.

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses R. C.*) Now, about the supper. We must arrange some entertainment for our guests. Let me see—first, I'll have the wine put in the cooler—

FITZHEW. (*Aside*) That's where they'll put me.

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses to door R. I.*) I declare, it will be quite an event—just think, thirty!

FITZHEW. Thirty! She's on, Majors!

CLEMENTINA. I only wish it were more. (*Exits R. I. E.*)

FITZHEW. (*To CLEMENTINA*) I'm damned if I do! Thirty is enough for anyone. (*Crosses to center*) Now, what's in that letter?

MAJORS. It seems I made a mistake—I should have demanded a stay. (*Crosses to him*)

FITZHEW. I got the stay alright.

MAJORS. I did all I could.

FITZHEW. That's what you did—I do thirty days!

MAJORS. Perhaps I can get you out to-morrow. Fitz, my boy, we have got to look the situation calmly in the face.

FITZHEW. No! You're not in it! If you hadn't said you could fix it, I would have done it myself. Simply told my wife I was going out of town for a few days but now I get up from the table—in the

middle of the soup, maybe—and say: “Excuse me, I’m going abroad for thirty days!” That will sound very plausible, won’t it?

MAJORS. What else can you do?

FITZHEW. Nothing—I’ll tell my wife I am going out of town.

MAJORS. But won’t they think it mighty sudden?

FITZHEW. It is sudden—I didn’t expect it.

MAJORS. Look here, Fitz, how about the announcement of Sallie’s engagement to Daunton tonight?

FITZHEW. That’s so, that does take place tonight. I had forgotten all about that. Something else to worry me. You just help yourself to a drink, Majors, while I put on my coat. (*Goes in room R. 2, and changes coat. Cook comes down-stage c.*) I’ll arrange that with Daunton and Sallie until you see Farrar. Promise him anything, but he must get me out of jail before my wife knows anything about it. If Clemmie had the slightest suspicion—(*Comes out of door R. 2, runs into Cook—Bus. FITZHEW takes hold of Cook, they struggle—Both cross L.*)

MAJORS. Don’t hurt him, Fitz.

COOK. Here! If you come any of that business, I’ll break you in two.

FITZHEW. (*Puts glasses on*) Remember, I have glasses on. (*Bus. as Cook turns away to R.*) Yes, you will.

(*Bus. Cook turns on FITZHEW.*)

MAJORS. Come now, Fitz, Sheriff Cook’s a good fellow—shake hands with him, and be friends—(L. c.)

FITZHEW. (*Apart to MAJORS*) I don’t see why it’s necessary to shake hands with the Sheriff.

MAJORS. Oh, you don’t. My boy! Suppose he took it into his head to tell your wife the truth?

FITZHEW. That's so. I never thought of that. Look at that hat—will you take that hat off, please? And sit down—(*Cook sits chair L. of table R. C.*) You'll excuse me, I'm a little nervous.

COOK. Gents in your fix usually is.

FITZHEW. I know they *is*—sometimes *we* am, ain't we? Will you have a drink?

COOK. Not on duty.

FITZHEW. (*Aloud*) I know, but when off-duty, you might be persuaded to change your mind. (*Gives Cook money*)

MAJORS. Fitz, I'll see Farrar personally—I'm sure I can *fix* this matter for you.

(*Cook grabs for FITZHEW's hand. Rises, goes back of table.*)

FITZHEW. You've got it all. What do you want? My watch? (*To MAJORS L. C.*) Keep your hands in your pockets. Majors! You don't think he will say anything about this to my wife, do you?

MAJORS. Leave that to me? I'll fix it—(*FITZHEW goes to L. MAJORS crosses R. to Cook's L.*) By the way, Mr. Cook, now to avoid any mistakes in the future, don't say too much, and no matter what we ask you, let your answer be: "That's right."

COOK. That's right.

FITZHEW. That's right. (*Sits on sofa L.*)

COOK. You want me to say, "That's right?"

MAJORS. That's right.

COOK. It goes! (*Goes up-stage to screen*)

MAJORS. By the way, Fitz, here's your card-case. I took it so they wouldn't learn your real name. There was only one card in it, and I used that. I suppose you don't remember the long-haired crazy Dutchman who took the taxi-driver's part?

FITZHEW. No!

MAJORS. Of course you don't. That was after you had gone with the policeman. I slapped his face. He demanded satisfaction. I told him to demand it when he was sober. Then he said he would call on me personally for satisfaction.

FITZHEW. What did you do then?

MAJORS. Well, to get rid of him, I gave him your card.

FITZHEW. (*Rises—starting up*) What's that? You gave the Dutchman my card?

MAJORS. Don't you see, it would never have done for him to call on me, but as your wife was out of town, I thought—

FITZHEW. Majors, if you don't stop thinking where I am concerned, I'll get thirty years, instead of thirty days.

MAJORS. But my boy, he won't know you from Adam. Besides, it will be getting me out of a little scrape. Now, that ought to comfort you! (*Crosses up to piano*)

FITZHEW. (*Crosses r. c.*) I know it ought to, but it doesn't. See here, I wish you'd do something else besides talk and give my cards away. What's the matter with hunting up the District Attorney? (*Crosses up c. to MAJORS*)

MAJORS. By George, Fitz, that's the best idea I've struck yet—(*Gets hat from piano up l. c.*) I knew I'd fix this for you if you'd give me half a chance, I was just thinking—

FITZHEW. You stop thinking and let's go and find this District Attorney. I'll tell him of his nephew's intention to marry into my family. He'll hardly allow his future relative to be put in jail! If I fix this thing up with Farrar and Sallie—I may not have to go to jail at all.

MAJORS. That's just what I told you.

FITZHEW. When did you tell me?

MAJORS. I didn't exactly tell you, but that's what I was thinking about a few minutes ago.

Now, you follow me and I'll fix this for you.
(Exits L. 3 E.)

FITZHEW. (Starts to exit) All right. (Cook comes from behind screen, crosses c. Stops) That's just like me, I'm forgetting something—Oh, yes, Cook—come on, Cook. (Exit FITZHEW and COOK L. 3 E.)

(Enter CLEMENTINA R. I E., crosses R. C.)

MIRANDA. (Off-stage, L. C.) Whom do you wish to see?

SCHMIDT. (Off-stage) Don't stop me. I have business here. (Enter SCHMIDT C. D. L.)

CLEMENTINA. (Turns and comes face to face with SCHMIDT, an eccentric poetic German of thirty, who enters c. door. CLEMENTINA dropping back astonished) Are you the District Attorney?

SCHMIDT. No, I am—(Drawing himself up proudly) Von Bulow Bismarck Schmidt. (Producing card) Your husband! Benjamin Fitzhew! Slapped my face last night; I demanded satisfaction, and he gave me this card. (Hands card to CLEMENTINA, crosses L. C. She reads it and puts it on table R.)

CLEMENTINA. (Reads card) My husband struck you? And you—?

SCHMIDT. I left him mit der policeman! I would not soil my hands mit sooch a drunken loaver.

CLEMENTINA. Loafer!

SCHMIDT. Madam, I moost congratulate you on dat puddin' face vind bag dat you selected for a husband.

CLEMENTINA. (Crosses L. C.) When and where did you see my husband?

SCHMIDT. Last night—mit two ladies und a policeman, near the Prospect.

CLEMENTINA. Where is the Prospect?

SCHMIDT. Just across der way from der Cleopatra.

CLEMENTINA. Then he *was* at the Cleopatra, and escaped the police. My husband has deceived me! (Crosses R. c.)

MAJORS. (*Aside as he enters L. 3*) We looked everywhere for the District Attorney, but could not find him. (*Turns and sees SCHMIDT*) The Dutchman!

SCHMIDT. Dot's him.

CLEMENTINA. Whom?

SCHMIDT. Your ideal of manly beauty, dat insulted me on my nose last night!

CLEMENTINA. Are you sure?

SCHMIDT. Sure! Ah, Gott, could I forget a face like dot?

MAJOR. (*Chasing SCHMIDT around sofa*) What! You!

CLEMENTINA. (*Stops MAJORS*) Mr. Majors, don't hurt him, don't strike him here.

SCHMIDT. (L. c.) No, don't strike me any place.

MAJORS. (L. *Violently*) Why—you—you—you! (*Checks himself—aside*) No, for Fitz's sake, I'll not strike him.

SCHMIDT. My dear Madam, don't be alarmed. In the presence of a lady, I will not fight. I am a chentleman, who can only demand satisfaction from his equals. (To CLEMENTINA) I take my leafe. (*Going up, aside*) Und dis card to der police! (*Aloud, crosses to door c., turns*) Puddin' face!

MAJORS. (*Starts for SCHMIDT*) What!

(*Exit SCHMIDT L. C. E.*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Stops MAJORS*) Mr. Majors, what does all this mean?

MAJORS. (*Both come down R. C.*) Why, my dear, it's only a little row your husband got into with this Dutchman. Pay no attention to it—I'll fix it. (*Crosses to L.*)

(Enter FITZHEW and COOK l. c. FITZHEW pushes COOK behind screen.)

FITZHEW. (CLEMENTINA crosses r. c.) Now, Clemmie—why, what's the matter? (l. c.)

CLEMENTINA. I've just learned of that disgraceful affair last night. (r. c.)

FITZHEW. What affair? (Crosses l. c.)

MAJORS. (c.) That row you know.

FITZHEW. What row I know?

MAJORS. Why, the row you got into with the Dutchman before you were arrested.

FITZHEW. The row I got into with the Dutchman?

CLEMENTINA. Benjamin, who is the guilty party?

FITZHEW. Why, Majors!

MAJORS. What!

FITZHEW. Certainly. He gave my card to a man he had a row with!

CLEMENTINA. But who was arrested?

FITZHEW. (With decision) Majors—and I got him out.

(COOK comes from behind screen.)

MAJORS. (Apart to FITZHEW) Do you suppose I'll allow—

FITZHEW. (Apart to MAJORS) You can't help yourself. You were arrested.

MAJORS. (Apart) Can't I? I'll show you—
(Aloud) Cook, am I in your charge?

COOK. (Stepping down-stage) That's right.

(MAJORS crosses l. c., FITZHEW crosses c.)

FITZHEW. (To CLEMENTINA) There, you see, my dear. (To COOK) He was arrested last night?

COOK. That's right.

FITZHEW. Certainly that's right. And I paid you to get him out? (*Crosses up to Cook*)

COOK. (*Bus. showing money*) That's right.

FITZHEW. There's the money. And you would let me have the money back if I should ask you for it, wouldn't you?

COOK. That's right.

FITZHEW. Well, then, let me have it. (*Bus. takes money*) Yes, that's right. (*Comes down c. counting money*)

CLEMENTINA. Then he is not the Cook.

FITZHEW. (*Up to screen—Cook*) No, he's the Sheriff. (*Gleefully*)

CLEMENTINA. Mr. Majors, my husband, to save you from public disgrace, has incurred my suspicions. Thank Heaven they were not justified. (*Kisses FITZHEW on left cheek*)

FITZHEW. (*Smiles on MAJORS*) Other side, Clemmy.

CLEMENTINE. (*Kisses him on other cheek. Turning to MAJORS*) You repaid his generosity by basely using his name.

FITZHEW. Coward!

CLEMENTINA. (*Meaningly*) There will be only twenty-nine covers at the dinner this evening. (*Exit CLEMENTINA R. I E.*)

FITZHEW. Twenty-eight—she don't know I'm going yet.

MAJORS. So I'm the convict now, am I?

COOK. That's right! (*Laughs. Goes up-stage, behind screen*)

MAJORS. Shut up! (*Goes to FITZHEW*) Fitz, you'll never know the extent of my friendship for you. I am willing to make some sacrifices but damned if I'll go to jail. (*Crosses R.*)

FITZHEW. I don't blame you, Majors, I won't either. (*Bus. takes pitcher, starts to exit L., comes back and gets hat*)

MAJORS. Where are you going?

FITZHEW. I'll go to the District Attorney's office—I'll go to his house—I'll go to court, if necessary—but I will not go to jail!

MAJORS. But hadn't I better go—

FITZHEW. No, no, you do nothing. This time I'll go alone—with Cook. Come on, Cook. (*Exit FITZHEW and COOK L. 3*)

MAJORS. Stay here—and no dinner—why, I haven't had any lunch. Confound it, I haven't had breakfast. (*Crosses c. Enter MIRANDA from C. D. L. with card*) Hello, Miranda, what have you there?

MIRANDA. A card for Mr. Fitzhew.

MAJORS. He has just stepped out; I'll take it. (*Takes card; reads*) Edward Farrar, Attorney-at-law. Send him here. (*Exit MIRANDA C. D. L. looking at card*) I'll act for Fitz. I'll give this young fellow all the encouragement necessary to obtain his influence with his uncle, the District Attorney. Let me see. (*Crosses c.*)

(Enter EDWARD FARRAR C. L. *A smart young man, assuming an air of diffidence and simplicity, comes down L. C. with eyes cast down.*)

FARRAR. (*Very politely*) My uncle, the District Attorney, Mr. Fitzhew—(*Looks up*) I beg your pardon. Why, it's Mr. Majors!

MAJORS. (*Crosses to him*) Hello, Farrar, do you know Mr. Fitzhew?

FARRAR. I have only met him once. I was present at his examination in Court.

MAJORS. Hush! (*Pushes FARRAR on sofa*) My dear boy, sit down. Above all be quiet and say nothing about court.

FARRAR. I saw at once that he was one of the boys, I mean one of the unfortunate boys—who had been led astray by a villainous companion. —

MAJORS. (*Aside*) I wonder if there's anything personal in that?

FARRAR. I recognize in him the relative of Miss Sallie Graice. I am very fond of her; is there a chance for me?

MAJORS. (*Aside*) He must know nothing of Daunton. (*Aloud*) Certainly, my boy.

FARRAR. (*Eagerly*) If I could see Fitzhew.

MAJORS. This is hardly a good time.

FARRAR. True—he goes to jail.

MAJORS. H-u-s-h! Don't say "jail" so loud! We know he goes to jail *all* right. I need not tell you that his wife knows nothing of this.

FARRAR. Hum! (*Rises*) Of course, I wouldn't put a price on my silence, but I do hope Mr. Fitzhew will appreciate my discretion?

MAJORS. You may be sure he will. You want us to say something nice about you to Sallie.

FARRAR. Yes.

MAJORS. To be sure we will.

FARRAR. With that assurance, I will go at once to see my uncle, the District Attorney. Very happy to see you again, Mr. Majors. (*Bus. shaking hands*)

MAJORS. The same to you, Mr. Farrar. (*Crosses L.*)

(Enter MIRANDA C. D. L.)

MIRANDA. Mr. Daunton!

(Enter DAUNTON C. D. L.)

MAJORS. (*Introducing them*) Mr. Farrar—Mr. Daunton—Mr. Daunton—Mr. Farrar.

DAUNTON and FARRAR. (*Aside*) He's after Sallie. (*Bus. shaking hands*) I am pleased to

meet you, sir. (*Bus. FARRAR starts up-stage—hears SALLIE's voice, stops*)

SALLIE. (*Off-stage*) Very well, Clementina, I'll attend to it. (*Enters L. 3 E.*)

MAJORS. Here's Sallie, I must get Farrar out of here quick. Miss Sallie, you have met Mr. Farrar of course?

SALLIE. Oh, yes, how do you do?

FARRAR. Nicely, thank you. And you, are you as well as you look?

SALLIE. Much better, I think. (*Laughing*) Won't you be seated?

(*Bus. of DAUNTON over R. SALLIE R. C. FARRAR at sofa c. MAJORS L.*)

FARRAR. Well, yes. (*About to sit. Bus. of MAJORS preventing him apart while SALLIE turns to DAUNTON*)

MAJORS. You would like to but you must attend to that business.

FARRAR. (*After bus. of annoyance, to SALLIE*) That is, I should like to, but some urgent legal business compels my departure. Believe me, the law is ever a rigid taskmaster. To-day I find it doubly so.

MAJORS. I find it the same way. (*Apart, pulling FARRAR's coat-tails*)

FARRAR. (*Ignoring MAJORS—to SALLIE*) Did I understand that there is to be a party here this evening?

SALLIE. Why, yes, didn't you know? For the public announcement of—

(*MAJORS makes violent signs behind FARRAR's back to hush.*)

MAJORS. Euchre club meets to-night! Sorry you can't join us! (*Bus. of getting FARRAR up-stage*)

FARRAR. (*Resisting*) Oh, but I can!

MAJORS. (*To FARRAR*) Will you go and see that Uncle of yours?

(MAJORS C. *Enter CLEMENTINA R. 3 E.*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Effusively*) Mr. Farrar—at last! Tell me all.

FARRAR. Madam, I—

CLEMENTINA. (*Suddenly realizing*) Not here, come. (*Drags FARRAR off-stage R. 3 E.*) MAJORS staggers back out of the way)

MAJORS. (*Aside, despairingly*) I'll give it up. I can't fix it. I'll go home. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

DAUNTON. Your brother-in-law sent for me, said it was important. I'll be back. It won't do for us to be seen too much together before the formal announcement—you'll see me to the door?

SALLIE. Certainly.

(*Exit DAUNTON and SALLIE L. 3 E. Enter FARRAR and CLEMENTINA R. 1 E.*)

FARRAR. I'll do all in my power for you, Mrs. Fitzhew.

CLEMENTINA. I hope you will, for you see the position I am placed in.

FARRAR. I can't tell you how much I love your sister.

CLEMENTINA. Don't try—tell her.

FARRAR. You will speak for me?

CLEMENTINA. Certainly.

FARRAR. Thank you. (*Bus. getting hat from rack*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside*) I must find some way to break off Sallie's engagement to Daunton. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

FARRAR. With the assistance of Mrs. Fitzhew,

I think I'm a winner. (*Starts to exit c. d., meets SCHMIDT. Enter SCHMIDT c. d.*)

SCHMIDT. (*Bus. grabs FARRAR—looks at him*) No, you are not puddin' face.

FARRAR. I should say not. (*Exit c. d. l.*)

SCHMIDT. Now for my revenge. I haf a warrant sworn out for dat Benjamin Fitzhew—der loafer dat assaulted me. I want mit der satisfaction of my own eyes, to see dat puddin' face vindbag dragged from der house out.

(*Enter CLEMENTINA r. i e.*)

CLEMENTINA. You here again?

O'MULLINS. (*Outside*) It's all right; I'll make the arrist meself.

SCHMIDT. (*Exultantly*) Der police! (*Crosses up c.*)

CLEMENTINA. Police! For me—

SCHMIDT. I'll watch them drag him out.

(*Enter O'MULLINS c. from l. Officer grabs SCHMIDT, bringing him down-stage.*)

O'MULLINS. You are my prisoner, *Mr. Benjamin Fitzhew*.

SCHMIDT. But I am not Fitzhew!

O'MULLINS. Av coorse not.

SCHMIDT. Dis is an outrage!

CLEMENTINA. What's he charged with?

O'MULLINS. Mr. Fitzhew is charged with assault.

CLEMENTINA. By whom?

O'MULLINS. The warrant is sworn out by Von Bulow Schmidt.

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside*) He would have my husband arrested! (*To OFFICER*) Officer, take Mr. Fitzhew away!

(SCHMIDT is dragged off making much resistance by O'MULLINS—Exit c. to L. Exit CLEMENTINA R. I E. Enter MAJORS, crosses L. C. FITZHEW R. C., and COOK L. 3 E.)

FITZHEW. Now, Majors, this young Farrar must be with his uncle by this time, but if he learns of Sallie's engagement to Daunton he'll have his Uncle send me up for life sure. I must stave it off somehow. (Cook at doorway smoking cigar) Come in, come in. Look at what he's smoking now. How would you like to have that following you around all day? Take that hat off and step behind the screen. Stop doing that cake walk. I don't want to frighten any more of my guests. Now where is that hod-carrying architect friend of yours? That fellow who is causing all this trouble? If I could only see him now, I'd tell him.

(Enter MIRANDA C. from L.)

MIRANDA. Mr. Daunton is in the vestibule.

FITZHEW. Mr. Daunton.

MIRANDA. Yes, sir.

FITZHEW. (Bus. going to door looking out. To MAJORS) Yes, he's out there—you tell him that I am not at home.

MAJORS. No, no, tell him to wait.

FITZHEW. (To MIRANDA) Yes, tell him to wait. (Exit MIRANDA C. to L. To MAJORS) Now, what will I tell him when he does come in?

MAJORS. Tell him—gently, but firmly, that his engagement with your sister-in-law Sallie, must be broken off.

FITZHEW. Break off his engagement?

MAJORS. Yep.

FIZHEW. Well, I'll have to give him some excuse, you know.

MAJORS. Well, you know he's an architect, don't you?

FITZHEW. Yes.

MAJORS. Just tell him you heard he was mixed up in building a lot of saloons, and you don't like the idea.

FITZHEW. I couldn't tell him that without laughing.

MAJORS. And why not?

FITZHEW. Why, it was in a saloon that I promised him Sallie's hand.

MAJORS. Brilliant, but can't you see that your only hope is to keep solid with Farrar?

FITZHEW. And can't you see that this reception is given to-night to announce Daunton's engagement to Sallie? It is an awful thing to break a man's engagement off for nothing. (*Crosses R. C.*)

MAJORS. I know, but do you want to go to jail?

FITZHEW. No, do you? (*Rings bell on table*)

MAJORS. No.

FITZHEW. Do you know anyone who does?

MAJORS. No.

(Enter MIRANDA C. D. L., stands in D. C.)

FITZHEW. Show Mr. Daunton in, Miranda. (*Exit MIRANDA C. D. L.*) Now, you'll help me out of this. (*Crosses to MAJORS*)

MAJORS. Oh, I'll stand by you.

DAUNTON. (*Outside*) Oh, very well, I'll find him. (*Enter DAUNTON L. To FITZHEW*) I understand that you want to see me. (*R. C.*)

FITZHEW. (*C.*) Yes.

DAUNTON. Well, what is it?

MAJORS. We find that—(*Crosses to C.*)

DAUNTON. Well!

MAJORS. I guess I'll leave. (*MAJORS exits L. 3 E.*)

FITZHEW. (*Aside*) He generally does when

trouble begins. (*FITZHEW and DAUNTON look at each other. FITZHEW, trying to appear at ease, quails before DAUNTON's attitude*) Ah, Richard, you're on time.

DAUNTON. Yes, to-night we publish the announcement of our engagement.

FITZHEW. Yes, I believe there *was* some talk of it.

DAUNTON. *Was?* What do you mean?

FITZHEW. Well, I have been thinking this matter over, and I am very sorry to be compelled to tell you that I'm afraid the engagement must be broken off. I don't think there can be any marriage.

DAUNTON. Not be any marriage? Why?

FITZHEW. Of course you know you're an architect.

DAUNTON. Yes.

FITZHEW. There you are. You can't fool me; I heard all about it. I also heard that you have a peculiar class of customers, hotel men, saloon keepers and so forth.

DAUNTON. Yes, I am aware that I owe them a great deal.

FITZHEW. So do I.

DAUNTON. What?

FITZHEW. That is, you are not the only one that owes the saloon men a great deal, Richard.

DAUNTON. But it was in a saloon that you promised—(*Crosses to FITZHEW L. C.*)

FITZHEW. (*Crosses to table c.*) I know all about that, but I have stopped drinking since that night, and I have come to the conclusion that it would hardly be the right thing to marry a sweet innocent girl like my sister-in-law to a man who builds saloons. (*Bus. drinking liquor*)

DAUNTON. You knew what my profession was before—

FITZHEW. Yes, I knew what your profession

was, but I was ignorant of your specialty. Don't you see—won't you please try and see—

DAUNTON. Is my profession your only objection?

FITZHEW. Why, certainly.

DAUNTON. Very well then, I'll give up my profession.

FITZHEW. All right.

MAJORS. (*From door L. 3 E.*) No, no, no.

FITZHEW. (*To c.*) No, no, that wouldn't do any good. That would be worse than the other. That would be giving Sallie to a man without any saloon—I mean—profession—at all.

DAUNTON. Yes, but—

FITZHEW. Now I don't want you to worry about this thing; I'll relieve you of all responsibility. I'll make it very easy for you; I'll get Majors to fix it.

DAUNTON. But I don't want Majors to fix it for me.

(Enter CLEMENTINA R. I E., and comes down R. C.)

CLEMENTINA. What's the matter?

DAUNTON. Mrs. Fitzhew, your husband wants to break off my engagement with your sister.

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside*) Good.

FITZHEW. I have just learned that Mr. Daunton is the favorite architect of the saloon men in New York.

CLEMENTINA. (*Shocked*) Oh!!

FITZHEW. He designs those gilded palaces of sin, from whence so many wrecks of humanity go forth—isn't that *enough*?

CLEMENTINA. Enough! I should say it was. This is horrible, Mr. Daunton. (*Crosses between FITZHEW and DAUNTON*)

DAUNTON. Had I known—

FITZHEW. (*To CLEMENTINA*) Perhaps you think I am too scrupulous?

CLEMENTINA. Not at all, my dear. Think of that sweet girl as the wife of one who is constantly thrown in contact with such people.

FITZHEW. Oh! And make plans for them. See the wives of these landlords; go up and down stairways with them—stairs without bannisters, perhaps—in cases of that kind he must put his arm around their waists to support them from falling.

DAUNTON. No, Mr. Fitzhew, you are mistaken.

FITZHEW. Then you let them fall—that's twice as bad.

CLEMENTINA. It would never do, Mr. Daunton. Imagine meeting those people with Sallie on your arm—and be obliged to bow to them! And they might drag my husband in one of their saloons.

FITZHEW. (*Aside*) No; I've tried them all—they won't. (*Crosses r.*)

DAUNTON. I have offered to renounce—

FITZHEW. We would not accept such a sacrifice.

DAUNTON. Then I have nothing more to say.

(*Sits on sofa l.*)

CLEMENTINA and FITZHEW. Good!

(Enter SALLIE L. C. E. *She comes down c., looks from one to the other, sees their embarrassment.*)

SALLIE. Ah, here you are! Why; what's the matter?

CLEMENTINA. My dear Sallie, your engagement must be broken off.

SALLIE. Why?

DAUNTON. (*Rises*) Mr. Fitzhew is mistaken.

FITZHEW. No, Mr. Daunton, I am not mistaken. Sallie, your sister fully endorses all I have said.

SALLIE. I knew something was going to happen. I had a presentiment of it last night—in a dream I saw you with a snake in each hand.

FITZHEW. Saw me with snakes! Clementina,

take her away—her eyesight is entirely too good for a young girl.

CLEMENTINA. (*Taking SALLIE up-stage to door R. 3*) Come, my dear.

DAUNTON. Believe me—(*Following*)

FITZHEW. (*Crosses to him. Taking him aside*) She does, she does—let it go at that.

CLEMENTINA. It is all for the best.

(*Exit SALLIE and CLEMENTINA R. I E.*)

FITZHEW. There, you see it's all for the best. Now, you'll call and see us some times. I'll be out in thirty days. (*Crosses c.*)

DAUNTON. What?

FITZHEW. What I meant to say was, that possibly in a month, I will be at liberty. (*Hurrying him off*)

DAUNTON. Mr. Fitzhew, I will see you tomorrow. (*Exits L. 3 E.*)

FITZHEW. If you do, you'll have to go to jail. Well, I've got the engagement broken off. I feel sorry for Daunton. Oh, Pshaw! He'll get over that; it's only for a little while; Majors will have to fix the rest of it. (*Starts to exit R. 2 E.*)

COOK. (*Looking over screen*) Come back.

FITZHEW. Take that hat off. Majors, Majors.

(*Enter MAJORS L. 2 E., crosses to c.*)

MAJORS. Has Daunton gone?

FITZHEW. Yes.

MAJORS. How about the engagement?

FITZHEW. The engagement is broken off all right.

MAJORS. Good! And your wife? Did she object?

FITZHEW. No, she liked it, seemed pleased, helped it along. I don't know why. If she hadn't |

I should have weakened and given the whole business away. I feel myself slipping now.

MAJORS. Don't slip now, Fitz, this is no time for weakening. You have the most difficult task to do yet.

FITZHEW. What do you mean? The thirty?

MAJORS. You must tell your wife you are going to leave town.

FITZHEW. You'll have to tell me what to say to her. I don't know.

MAJORS. Of course you don't know, but I do. I'll fix it for you. I've been thinking this matter over for the last few minutes. See how my idea strikes you. You tell your wife you are obliged to leave town in order to avoid any explanation to your guests about the sudden breaking off of Sallie's engagement, don't you see?

FITZHEW. Yes.

MAJORS. Oh, I'll fix this thing easy.

FITZHEW. Now, when you tell my wife, be careful—for she is very suspicious.

MAJORS. No, no, my boy, you tell her—She's your wife.

FITZHEW. You better tell her, I'll be right behind the door, and if everything doesn't go right—

MAJORS. I'd much prefer your telling her.

FITZHEW. It sounds all right.

MAJORS. Certainly. In the meantime, I'll use my influence with the District Attorney and get you out in a few days.

FITZHEW. Make it as few as possible, will you?

MAJORS. Oh, yes.

FITZHEW. Now, where will I tell my wife I'm going?

MAJORS. Oh, any old place—say Mexico.

FITZHEW. Mexico!

COOK. (*Looking over screen*) Say, you want to get a move on, I can't stay here all day.

FITZHEW. (*Without looking, to MAJORS*) Has he got it on?

MAJORS. Yes.

FITZHEW. (*To COOK*) Take that hat off!

MAJORS. Now, Fitz, I've told you what to tell your wife. I think it's a good idea to try and get the District Attorney over the telephone.

FITZHEW. Do you think he'll come that way—I mean—

MAJORS. Now, don't you worry my boy; I'll fix this all right. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

FITZHEW. I'll try not to worry. (*Comes down-stage. Rings bell on table. Crosses L. C. Enter MIRANDA C. D. L.*) Miranda, tell John to pack my valise immediately; I am going right away.

MIRANDA. How about the reception?

FITZHEW. Reception? Didn't you hear about it. How sick I am. Look at that hand. (*Bus. showing hand*) The other one is just as bad. I am stricken down with a fever, and I just received a telegram about my fever, and I must see about it. You tell the guests this reception is postponed.

MIRANDA. For how long.

FITZHEW. Thirty days. (*L. C.*)

(*Exit MIRANDA R. 2 E. Enter CLEMENTINA R. 3 E.*)

CLEMENTINA. Benjamin, everything is all right—(*Crosses down R. C.*)

FITZHEW. Did Sally seem to worry much?

CLEMENTINA. She will soon get over her disappointment.

FITZHEW. I shudder to think of your sister's narrow escape from that man, Daunton, my dear.

CLEMENTINA. I think you have acted wisely. (*R. C.*)

FITZHEW. I know so, I have already sent regrets to our guests. (*L. C.*)

CLEMENTINA. What did you tell them?

FITZHEW. I jumped at the first excuse that offered, told them I was very ill and had to leave town suddenly.

CLEMENTINA. Clever idea!

FITZHEW. My leaving town, you mean? (*Aside*) I think I can fix this all right. (*Aloud*) There's one thing I did not think of—my telling them that will compel me to go.

CLEMENTINA. Why certainly.

FITZHEW. (*Aside*) Why, it's a cinch.

CLEMENTINA. Have you any particular place in mind?

FITZHEW. No particular place, but I was thinking of Mexico.

CLEMENTINA. Splendid! Splendid!

FITZHEW. I can catch that 6 o'clock boat with Cook—I mean, train.

CLEMENTINA. You can make it, I'll attend to everything. (*Exit CLEMENTINA R. I E.*)

FITZHEW. There's something wrong here, but I don't care. I'm going to get out of town. Oh, this is too easy. She thanks me for breaking off the engagement and blesses me for leaving town. I must be dreaming.

(Enter MIRANDA R. 2 E. with valise.)

MIRANDA. Mr. Fitzhew, here's your valise.

FITZHEW. Oh, yes, thank you, good-bye.

MIRANDA. Good-bye, over the river.

FITZHEW. Over the river. What do you know about that. (Enter MAJOR L. 3 E.) Majors, Majors. Well, good-bye, old man, I'm going.

MAJORS. Where?

FITZHEW. Over the river—to jail. My wife thinks I'm going to Mexico where you told me. You'll see me to the train, Majors?

MAJORS. Certainly.

FITZHEW. And write to me?

MAJORS. Where?

FITZHEW. Number 8, Mexico. I don't care where you write. (*Enter CLEMENTINA R. 3 E. with valise, boxes, etc.*) Good-bye.

CLEMENTINA. Well, I'm ready.

FITZHEW. You're ready. Where are you going?

CLEMENTINA. With you to Mexico.

(*Bus. FITZHEW falls in MAJORS' arms and curtain.*

2nd. Curtain: Cook comes down, takes hold of FITZHEW.)

FITZHEW. Take that hat off!

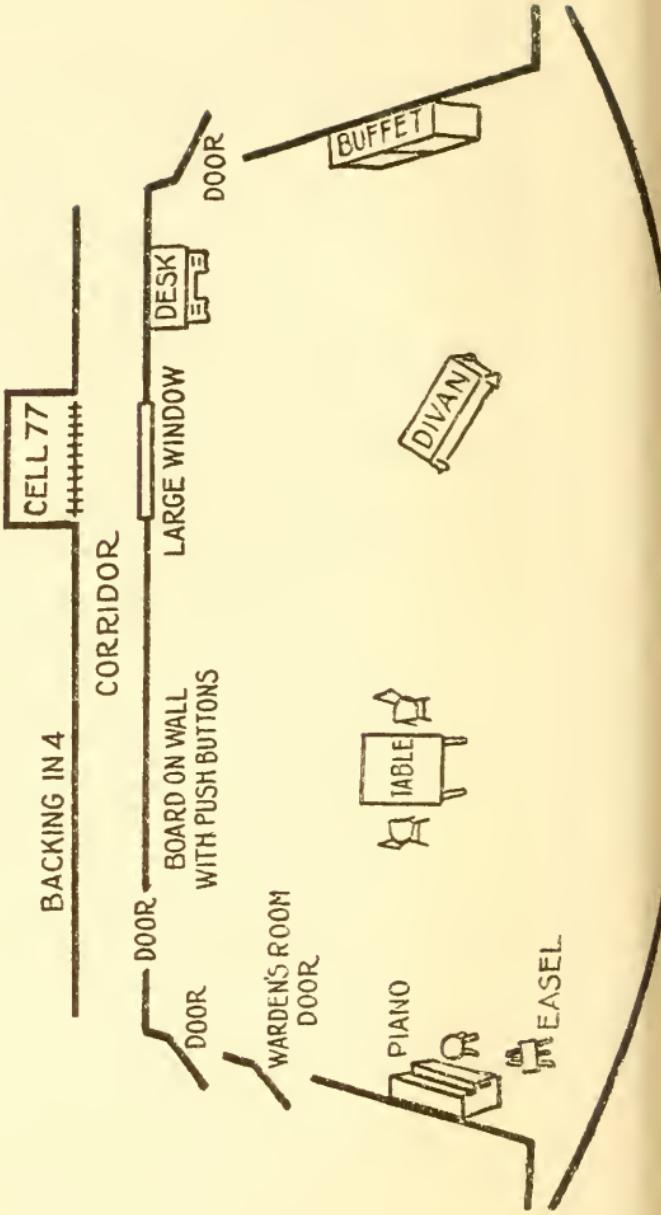
(*Cook and FITZHEW exit C. D.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT 2.

SHADE ON WINDOW, L.O.F.C., ATTACHED TO LOWER PART WINDOW TO PULL UP
BOARD AGAINST WALL IN FLAT HAS TEN PUSH BUTTONS (DUMMIES), ONE LARGE
ONE IN CENTRE.
"77" PAINTED OVER CELL SEEN THROUGH WINDOW; IRON BARS.



ACT II.

SCENE:—Corridor drop—backing showing cell doors, etc. Prison scene—Interior of WARDEN LOVEALL's office.

DIAGRAM.

It is in regulation prison architecture but handsomely decorated by LOVEALL. Table and two chairs c. Piano R. Sideboard and sofa. Easels, sketches, armor, tapestries, etc., about ad lib. Large barred window c. Door in R. F. Doors in R. U. E. and L. U. E.—Also curtained arch R. 2, leading to LOVEALL's private apartment. Large electric call-board at back with small buttons—A large button and several speaking tubes. Ball and chain, prison suits, etc., about the room, desk at back with revolving chair, papers, ledger, etc., in desk. A spring shade is attached to window c.

DISCOVERED:—LOUIS, wiping glasses at side-board, takes revolver out of drawer of side-board.

(Enter GOOGAN, R. 2 E., goes to desk—Prisoners cross stage back of window. Enter COOK, d., in flat.)

GOOGAN. (c.) Hello, Mr. Cook, how are you to-day?

COOK. (r. c. Looking about room) The new Warden's spreading himself, ain't he?

GOOGAN. (Laughs derisively) Well, I should say he was. I don't think that the Commissioners will stand for him long.

COOK. Well, they'd better get rid of him quick—

or they'll find all the prisoners in dress suits. This fellow is too easy-going for a warden. He ought to have charge of a Sunday school class instead of a prison. Now look at this room, Loveall is turnin' it into a dude's bood-war and art gallery instead of a Warden's office. (*During speech COOK goes to table, and sits on table at back*)

GOOGAN. (*Comes down R. of table*) Speakin' o' dudes—that dude supper raid over there at the Cleopatra was hot stuff, wasn't it?

COOK. (*R. C.*) Did you see this in to-day's paper? (*Points to article—gives paper to GOOGAN*) They've ordered an investigation. It seems there was a mysterious, heavily-veiled woman that they're trying to get hold of as a witness. The only one that seen her face was that prisoner—he was one of the waiters at the Cleopatra, but they couldn't get anything out of him—he wouldn't open his mouth—said he couldn't remember.

GOOGAN. Oh, I guess he was pretty well paid for it.

COOK. Oh, I don't know—I rather think he was telling the truth. The Judges over there wouldn't have it though, so they sentenced him for contempt. See here, 89, you've been hanging around here long enough. Now you get back to work in the kitchen where you belong. Come on, get a move on you. (*Exit LOUIS L. 3 E.*) Look out for 89—he's a pretty tough customer.

GOOGAN. All right, sir. (*Goes to desk*)

COOK. Googan, do you know that the ladies of the Flower Mission are over here to-day? I seen one of 'em throwing a bunch of roses to Mike the strangler and he offered to swap them to me for a chew of tobacco. (*MIRANDA crosses back of window*) Hello; here's one of them now. (*GOOGAN starts toward door; COOK intercepts him*) Excuse me! I'll do the perlite. (*Opens door; exaggerated bow*)

(Enter MIRANDA, D. F. Ignores COOK; goes to GOOGAN.)

MIRANDA. Hello Jimmie!

GOOGAN. Hello Miranda; you're looking prettier than ever.

MIRANDA. (Looking about) My! what a lot of improvements! (Starts toward bell board) What are all these bells for?

COOK. Go away from there; you see those are the keeper's bells, there's a bell for every ward and the big one there is for a general alarm. If that bell were to ring now, we'd have the whole Island in an uproar.

MIRANDA. Why?

COOK. Because it would be a signal of a riot, or an attempt to escape of the prisoners.

MIRANDA. What would they do then?

COOK. Fire the cannon and everyone attempting to leave the Island would be shot from the opposite shore.

MIRANDA. Well, I wouldn't attempt to escape.

COOK. I hope not. (Exit R. 3 E.)

MIRANDA. (R. c.) Say, Mr. Cook, I left the Ladies of the Flower Mission distributing some of the flowers; I brought these for you. They have some beautiful ones for the poor prisoners to-day.

(MAJORS passes window from L., sees MIRANDA and hides as she goes out.)

GOOGAN. (Up c.) What's your hurry?

MIRANDA. I must go, they're waiting for me but I'll be back. (Exit R. 3. Enter MAJORS R. F.)

MAJORS. Warden Loveall in?

GOOGAN. Yes, sir. He's in his room—I'll call him. (Exit R. 1 E.)

MAJORS. Must be the same. Same old foppy Loveall. His office is quite artistically arranged. (Crosses L. c.)

(Enter LOVEALL from arch R. 2 E.)

LOVEALL. Ah, Majors—delighted old chap, delighted to see you. (Crosses c.)

MAJORS. Hello, Will!

(Enter GOOGAN R. 2 E., starts to exit d. in flat.)

LOVEALL. How well you look. One minute: Googan, tell No. 90 that the lawyer he wanted will be here in half an hour.

GOOGAN. Yes, sir. (Exit d. in flat)

MAJORS. Will, you didn't tell me that you were Warden here.

LOVEALL. I'm not likely to be long—temporary appointment—the Commissioners offered me this—I took it until something better turns up—I manage to make myself comfortable, however, and indulge my tastes for art and music. (Pointing around) Have a drink? (Crosses to sideboard) Smoke? (Crosses to desk)—Shall I warble something? (Crosses to piano)

MAJORS. (Bus. of declining) No, no. I made up my mind to see you ten days ago. (c.)

LOVEALL. Ten days ago and you've just got here—that's just like you, Majors.

MAJORS. (Up r. c.) The fact is, I've been laying low—I've been mixed up in a row with a crazy Dutchman. I learned that he had applied for a warrant to arrest me and—

LOVEALL. (Laughing) Ha, ha, ha! the same old game! Who was she, Majors? (Down r. c.)

MAJORS. She—there was no "she" in it—I want to see you about a friend of mine whom you've got here.

LOVEALL. Not a prisoner?

MAJORS. Yes, John Martin.

LOVEALL. John Martin?

MAJORS. I promised Martin I would stand by him. (*Crosses in front up to register*)

LOVEALL. And you've only waited ten days to keep your promise. (*Goes to desk*) Nothing like having a friend, Majors. (*Looking over book*)

MAJORS. The anticipation, no doubt, will enhance his pleasure.

LOVEALL. He must be just about delirious with joy by this time—(*Finding name in book*) Ah, John Martin, cell No. 77. (*Rings and comes down L. C.*) I remember him—came here with Cook, the Deputy—seemed a decent sort of chap.

MAJORS. Yes, he's a nice fellow; to tell you the truth, Will, I want to stay here in jail with Martin, till that Dutchman's affair blows over. I'll confess to you, Will, I was a little mixed up in that supper raid and it's just as well to keep out of the way—you know how it is yourself.

LOVEALL. (*Laughing*) Oh, Majors!

MAJORS. Oh, we left the place before the raid. Don't you worry about that—the trouble was, you see I started to take Martin home—he got in a row with a taxi driver and along came this long-haired crazy Dutchman and I—well, that's another story.

LOVEALL. Just step in my room a moment, (*Music cue*) and I'll see what can be done.

(*Exit R. 2 E.* MAJORS. *Enter Cook and prisoners R. 3 E.* *They march in lockstep and stand R. C.* LOUIS *first—then SUPERS and FITZHEW.*)

COOK. Halt!

LOVEALL. Cook, what gang is this?

COOK. It's the gang from the first tier.

LOVEALL. They're a hard looking lot—how are they doing?

COOK. There's charges against 89 and 77.

LOVEALL. 77, stand out!

(FITZHEW steps out of line, goes to chair R. table and sits.)

COOK. And stand up!

(FITZHEW stands up.)

LOVEALL. What's the trouble with 77?

COOK. For the last three days he's been complaining about the rules and regulations of this prison.

LOVEALL. 77, what's the matter?

FITZHEW. Bars all around me and I can't get a drink.

COOK. He's also complaining about his clothes.

LOVEALL. He is, eh? What's the matter with 89?

COOK. He is dissatisfied with the food. He won't eat what is given him.

FITZHEW. Give it to me, I'll eat it.

COOK. Shut up!

LOVEALL. 89, stand out! (LOUIS stands out from line) Won't eat, hey?

FITZHEW. I wouldn't eat hay, either, don't you do it.

LOVEALL. Shut up!

(FITZHEW starts to sit.)

COOK. And stand up!

LOVEALL. What are you working at here?

LOUIS. I work in de kitchen—I—a make—a de soup.

FITZHEW. No wonder he won't eat. Did you ever taste that soup, it's awful.

LOVEALL. Shut up.

FITZHEW. There's no soup in it.

COOK. Shut up! (FITZHEW sits) And stand up.

LOVEALL. He'll eat when he's hungry. Fall in.
(LOUIS and FITZHEW start to fall in. To FITZHEW)
Here, here, not you.

COOK. 77, get that step—get that step—get that step—(*Lockstep bus.*)

FITZHEW. I got it.

LOVEALL. Cook, are they all here?

FITZHEW. All here—how could anybody get away?

COOK. Shut up!

FITZHEW. That's a foolish question to ask.

COOK. Shut up!

FITZHEW. I am shut up.

COOK. Yes, sir, they're here.

LOVEALL. Call the roll!

COOK. (*As Cook calls—Prisoners repeat number*) 89, 51, 45, 23, 77.

FITZHEW. Keno.

LOVEALL. Cook, who is that second one there?

COOK. That—that's Spike Finnigan.

LOVEALL. What is he in for?

COOK. For strangling his mother-in-law.

FITZHEW. (*To prisoner, and shakes hands*) Good boy, Spike—I don't blame him. (*Crosses to WARDEN*) You would do the same thing yourself. (*Stops lockstep*)

COOK. (*Crosses to FITZHEW*) Shut up and get that step—get that step—(*Bus. gets lockstep*)

FITZHEW. Mr. Warden, couldn't you set a day, say Thursday, to do it with this foot, I'm tired. (*Bus. doing step with r. foot*)

COOK. Get the other foot up there.

FITZHEW. See, something like this. (*Bus. with r. foot*)

COOK. Here, here, left, left, left—(*Gets step*) now you're right.

FITZHEW. Now you see it's right—that's what I want. (*Step with r. foot*)

COOK. Get that other foot up there.

FITZHEW. (*Stops step*) I won't do it any more. (*Bus. Cook starts for him—FITZHEW steps*) Well, I won't do it when I get out of here.

COOK. That will do you now.

FITZHEW. (*Stops again*) I'm glad that will do—I've been doing that step for nine days.

COOK. Get that step—get that step.

FITZHEW. (*Doing step*) I'll get that way—see if I don't.

LOVEALL. (*Crosses to l. c.*) Cook, I'll take charge of 77—you take the other prisoners to dinner.

FITZHEW. Come on, boys! (*Starts to go*)

COOK. Now where are you going?

FITZHEW. I'm going to dinner.

COOK. Get back there and stay there.

FITZHEW. I'm hungry.

COOK. You stay right here—Left face. (*To prisoners*) Forward march! (*Music cue*)

FITZHEW. Louis, order for me. They're off in a bunch.

(*Prisoners exit l. 3. Bus. Cook closes door—looks at FITZHEW. FITZHEW does lockstep.*)

COOK. Gang from the first tier, all right. (*Repeated outside—Looks at FITZHEW—FITZHEW seated at piano*) Stand up! (*FITZHEW bus. Does lockstep with r. foot*) Now what do you mean by that step with your right foot—

FITZHEW. I'm left-handed, and the warden said I could do it with this foot.

COOK. Get that other foot up there. (*Bus. getting step*) Now see here, Fitzhew—

FITZHEW. Sh—don't call me Fitzhew—call me Martin, John Martin while I am here.

COOK. Very well, John Martin. Now if you don't behave yourself I'll put you in a straight-jacket and feed you on bread and water.

FITZHEW. Can you make it lithia water—the water is awful here.

COOK. Shut up! (*Exit D. in flat*)

LOVEALL. Be seated! (*Crosses L. C. FITZHEW sits*)

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir. (*Sits R. of table c.*)

COOK. (*From back of window*) Stand up! (*FITZHEW stands*)

FITZHEW. Did I hear anybody say stand up?

LOVEALL. I say be seated. (*L. C.*)

FITZHEW. What's the good of going up and down like that all the time?

LOVEALL. Be seated. (*FITZHEW sits*) I am Warden here, so you are *perfectly safe*.

FITZHEW. Oh, I know I am safe, here, all right.

LOVEALL. Stand up.

FITZHEW. (*Stands up*) I knew it couldn't last long. I expected that.

LOVEALL. So you've been complaining about your clothing—you look all right. (*Bus. of looking at suit*)

FITZHEW. Yes, I look like a zebra.

LOVEALL. That's a good suit.

FITZHEW. Well, I got it for nothing—I can't kick.

LOVEALL. It's a very heavy piece of goods. Thick—you can't wear it out.

FITZHEW. I could wear it out but they'd bring me right back with it.

LOVEALL. By-the-bye, there's a friend of yours here, that would like to speak with you.

FITZHEW. Friend of mine—who is it?

(*Enter MAJORS from arch R. I E.*)

LOVEALL. There he is! (*L. C. Bus. FITZHEW cries, stamps foot a la lockstep*) Shut up!

FITZHEW. (*To MAJORS*) Majors, when did they get you?

MAJORS. Fitz, my boy, I came over to fix it for you. (R.)

FITZHEW. What, again—you fixed it before I got here. (R. C.)

MAJORS. Now I had trouble enough to keep your wife from following you to Mexico. I told her it would look as if you were all running away on account of breaking off Miss Sallie's engagement.

FITZHEW. How is my wife?

MAJORS. Oh, she's all right.

FITZHEW. Weather nice out?

MAJORS. Oh, lovely!

LOVEALL. 77, you had better go to dinner.

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir.

MAJORS. Now Fitz, I want to do all I can to help you.

FITZHEW. I know—I appreciate your kindness very much, but I'm going to dinner, before I lose that. Mr. Warden, you don't mind if I invite a friend to lunch, do you?

LOVEALL. Certainly not.

FITZHEW. Same old thing to-day, isn't it—bean soup?

LOVEALL. I think so.

FITZHEW. Well, I know so—it hasn't been changed since I've been here. Will you have some lunch, Majors?

MAJORS. No, thank you, I've had mine.

FITZHEW. Did you have yours?

MAJORS. Aha!

FITZHEW. What did you have?

MAJORS. Oh, I had a small bottle—(*Music cue*) porterhouse steak—small bird, salad, asparagus—demi tasse—(*Bus. FITZHEW exits L. 3 E., crying*) Well, this prison life doesn't seem to agree with my friend Martin! It was all on account of a little racket with Paquita—by the way, you know Paquita?

LOVEALL. Oh, yes. I understand she is going to marry Judge Mason. Lovely girl, Paquita. I called there last week—I happened to pick up a photograph case that was on the table—a dream, my boy, a dream. They wouldn't give her name or address. Paquita laughed, said she was a friend of hers. I tried in vain to find out anything definite—so to console myself I borrowed the photograph to sketch that classic head. (*Takes crayon from easel—goes to MAJORS*) Prepare for ecstasy! Isn't it perfect? Just look at those eyes, that neck! Just look at the slope of that neck, Majors.

MAJORS. (*Crosses L. C.*) Mrs. Fitzhew. (*Starts up*)

LOVEALL. What's the matter—do you know her? (*Crosses to MAJORS L. C.*) Oh, tell me that you know her, Majors!

MAJORS. She's a relative of one of your prisoners.

LOVEALL. What! of Martin's. Her name, Majors, her name!

MAJORS. She may be Mrs. Martin for all you know.

LOVEALL. She may be, but she isn't. (*Places crayon on piano*)

MAJORS. (*Aside*) I'll have to fix this thing. (*Aloud. Crosses c.*) Now see here, Will, I want to remain here with John Martin until the affair with this crazy Dutchman blows over.

LOVEALL. Impossible, my boy—I would be liable to lose my position. (*R. C.*)

MAJORS. You'll be fired some day anyway.

LOVEALL. Is that so? Well, I wouldn't be a bit surprised, but I'm in no hurry—just step into my room here, Majors, until I slip into my uniform.

(*GOOGAN and DAUNTON crosses window at back.*
MAJORS exits arch R. 2 E. Enter GOOGAN D. in flat.)

GOOGAN. A gentleman with an order to see you, sir.

LOVEALL. (*Crosses L. c.*) Very well, show him in.

(*Enter DAUNTON.*)

DAUNTON. Warden Loveall?

LOVEALL. That's my name, sir. Be seated.

DAUNTON. Thank you. (*Sits R. of table c.*
LOVEALL *L. of table c.*)

(*They sit. MAJORS enters R. 2 E.*)

MAJORS. Say, Will—(*Aside*) Hello—Daunton here. I must let Fitzhew know what he has to say. (*Crosses to door L. 3 E. Bus. listening at door*)

DAUNTON. My name is Daunton, Richard Daunton, Architect. Now you will pardon me if what I have to tell you is of purely a personal nature, but I am in love.

LOVEALL. In love? You interest me, go on.

DAUNTON. But for some unknown reason my engagement has very suddenly been broken off. I bowed my neck beneath the stroke of fate, only to rise again, determined to probe the matter to the bottom.

LOVEALL. And you probed?

DAUNTON. I did. My future brother-in-law gave it out that he was going to Mexico, but I have since learned that that very day he was arrested and that he is here now.

LOVEALL. Here? (*Rises*) What name did you say?

DAUNTON. Benjamin Fitzhew.

LOVEALL. Fitzhew—seems to me I have heard that name here. (*Bus. at ledger*) Oh, yes, here it is. Benjamin Fitzhew, cell No. 90. Yes, sir, we have got him here.

DAUNTON. Is it possible for me to see him?

LOVEALL. Certainly, my boy. (*Rings bell on board*) Anything to oblige you. (*Enter GOOGAN R. F.*) Googan—bring—No. 90—here—at—once. (*Exit GOOGAN R. F.*) I will leave you to receive him, while I slip into my uniform. You'll excuse me, won't you? (*Exit arch R. 2 E. Enter MAJORS L. U. E.*)

DAUNTON. Now, I'll compel Mr. Fitzhew to explain. (*Rises, crosses R.*)

MAJORS. Unhappy young man, you don't know what you have done. (*Crosses down L. C.*)

DAUNTON. Ah, but I know what I am about to do.

MAJORS. I beg of you to let me see this prisoner first.

(*Enter GOOGAN and SCHMIDT D. in flat.*)

GOOGAN. No. 90. (*Exit D. in flat*)

MAJORS. (L. C.) Now, Fitz—

(*Bus. DAUNTON going up to SCHMIDT.*)

DAUNTON. (R.) Who the deuce can he be?

MAJORS. (*Aside*) If it ain't that damned Dutchman with Fitzhew's name—

SCHMIDT. I haf for a lawyer sent. It is you? (R. C.)

MAJORS. (*Crosses R. C. to SCHMIDT*) How dare you use my friend's name?

SCHMIDT. I want nothing mit you, puddin' face wind bag. I want nothing mit you until I am from dis place out. Now, Mr. Lawyer.

DAUNTON. You are mistaken, I am not a lawyer. You're not the man I want to see.

MAJORS. The less you say the better.

SCHMIDT. I vill say what I like. (*Crosses to L.*)

DAUNTON. I tell you I demand an explanation.

MAJORS. He can't explain—he don't know anything—he's crazy!

SCHMIDT. I'll make you crazy when I get from dis place out.

(Enter LOVEALL arch R. 2 E.)

MAJORS. If you know what is best for yourself—

DAUNTON. (Crosses L.) Excuse me, I know my business.

SCHMIDT. Yes, he knows his business.

MAJORS. But you don't know yours, do you?

SCHMIDT. No. Yes I do know my—business.

LOVEALL. Here, here, here, what do you take this for, a lunatic asylum?

MAJORS. One moment, Will—

DAUNTON. Now, Mr. Warden—

SCHMIDT. I will explain.

LOVEALL. One at a time, one at a time, one at a time. (Pointing finger to SCHMIDT)

SCHMIDT. Ah, Gott, what is de use?

LOVEALL. Mr. Majors, you were here first. Mr. Daunton will retire if you wish an interview with the prisoner.

DAUNTON. I'll sift this matter to the bottom. (Exits L. 3 E.)

LOVEALL. Now, Mr. Majors, you may see the prisoner.

SCHMIDT. I want nothing mit dat man! I vill leaf the jail first. (Crosses up D. F.)

LOVEALL. No, you don't. (Bus. LOVEALL stopping SCHMIDT)

MAJORS. Will, if you are a friend of mine, don't let Daunton have an interview with this prisoner. He's crazy.

LOVEALL. Leave that to me. (Rings bell on board. To SCHMIDT) Mr. Fitzhew.

SCHMIDT. I am not Fitzhew. (*At MAJORS*)
That is Fitzhew.

(*Enter GOOGAN R. F.*)

MAJORS. What did I tell you, he's as crazy as a June bug!

LOVEALL. (*To GOOGAN*) Cook, put No. 90 in a padded cell till that lawyer comes.

SCHMIDT. You haf done dis! Puddin' face vind bag! (*GOOGAN drags SCHMIDT up-stage*) Don't push me. I haf as mooch right in dis jail as you.

(*Bus. GOOGAN grabs SCHMIDT and throws him off R. C.*)

LOVEALL. Excuse me, Majors; that fellow will bear looking after. (*Exits R. 3 E.*)

(*CLEMENTINA crosses at back window.*)

MAJORS. Mrs. Fitzhew! (*Exits arch R. 2 E.*)
Enter GOOGAN R. 3 E.)

COOK. Well, I fixed number 90 all right.

(*Enter CLEMENTINA D. in flat.*)

CLEMENTINA. I beg pardon.

GOOGAN. Who do you wish to see?

CLEMENTINA. I am looking for my maid, Miranda—I am here with the Ladies of the Flower Mission.

GOOGAN. I'll see if I can find her. Ah, there. (*Exits D. in flat*)

CLEMENTINA. How lonesome these poor prisoners must be separated from wives and children, and what a narrow escape I had. If that waiter had ever recognized me, I might have been here myself. (r. of table c. *Enter DAUNTON L. 3 E. Turns sees DAUNTON*) Mr. Daunton.

DAUNTON. Mrs. Fitzhew, oh, I see! You are here with the Ladies of the Flower Mission.

CLEMENTINA. And you?

DAUNTON. Do you think that I could stand calmly by and see my engagement to your sister broken off without learning the true cause of my dismissal?

CLEMENTINA. What do you mean?

DAUNTON. I know all. I know now the cause of your agitation.

CLEMENTINA. You know that the police——

DAUNTON. I tell you I have seen the man.

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside*) The waiter!

DAUNTON. You were in the room when the police arrived.

CLEMENTINA. (*Aside*) The Cleopatra.

DAUNTON. I was about to learn everything when I was interrupted.

CLEMENTINA. By whom?

DAUNTON. The warden! They threw the German in a padded cell. (*Exit D. in flat*)

CLEMENTINA. He means Von Bulow Schmidt. Then he hasn't seen the waiter. I must find the girls at once. (*Exit D. F.* MAJORS enters R. 2)

MAJORS. I must steer them clear of Fitzhew's cell at all hazards. (*Exits D. F.* Enter LOVEALL R. 3 E.)

LOVEALL. I wonder where Majors has gone. (*Goes to window*) Ah, the sly old fox—He's caught sight of the petticoats and a team of oxen wouldn't hold him! (*Enter COOK L. 3 E.*) Cook, bring 77 here at once.

COOK. Yes, sir. (*Exit COOK L. 3 E.*)

LOVEALL. (*Takes photo case out of pocket*) Relative of 77, eh? I wonder who the other one is.

(*Music cue.* Enter COOK and FITZHEW. *Bus.* FITZHEW does lockstep.)

COOK. Here, here, raise that foot higher.

FITZHEW. What do you think I am—a ballet dancer?

COOK. Shut up.

FITZHEW. Take that hat off. (*Bus. takes hat off and exit Cook L. 3 E.*)

LOVEALL. Be seated.

FITZHEW. No, I'd just as soon stand up.

LOVEALL. It's all right. Be seated. (*FITZHEW sits on chair L. LOVEALL R. of table*) Mr. Martin? —Mr. Martin? Well, isn't your name Martin?

FITZHEW. No, yes—John Martin. I thought you said mutton.

LOVEALL. I saw at once when you came here that I was dealing with a gentleman.

FITZHEW. (*Stands up*) Thank you, sir. (*Sits. Foot bus. Stamps foot twice*)

LOVEALL. By the way, what are you working at here?

FITZHEW. Shovelling coal.

LOVEALL. That makes your hands hard?

FITZHEW. No, it's soft coal.

LOVEALL. Your crime was undoubtedly the result of a sudden impulse. You are married?

FITZHEW. Yes, sir, thank you, sir. (*Bus. stamps foot*)

LOVEALL. That is a recommendation to my benevolence. I wish I were able to shorten your imprisonment.

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir. (*Aside*) Majors has found somebody with a pull.

LOVEALL. However, during your stay here, this room is at your service.

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir.

LOVEALL. It is my studio and office—or at least will be when these confounded mechanics get through here. Now if you desire to see any member of your family—

FITZHEW. (*Rising*) I don't wish to see any of them—not one of them. They think I am on a little trip to Mexico. (*Sits*)

LOVEALL. To Mexico—Yes, but won't they expect to hear from you? (*Rolling newspaper*)

FITZHEW. That's so. I never thought of that. I promised them a letter and my wife is full of—

LOVEALL. Full of what?

FITZHEW. Romance! What did you think she was full of? Prunes?

LOVEALL. She will want to know all about it. (*Rises, crosses to L. c.*)

FITZHEW. But how am I to write from Mexico from here?

LOVEALL. (*Very confiding*) Let me see—confide your letter to a friend who has just returned from Mexico.

FITZHEW. Let him take it?

LOVEALL. Yes. (*Slaps FITZHEW with paper on back*)

FITZHEW. That's an excellent idea, but who—?

LOVEALL. (*Patronizing*) I'll take it. (*Bus.—paper*)

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir.

LOVEALL. I'll present myself to the ladies, who have never seen me, as an old friend of yours. We met in Mexico. (*Slaps FITZHEW on back with newspaper and goes to desk up L.*)

FITZHEW. (*Bus. throws paper under table c.*) Somebody has given him a pretty stiff recommendation.

LOVEALL. (*Comes down, speaking at the same time*) I'll tell her that I have just returned from my vacation, the simplest thing in the world. (*Slaps FITZHEW. Bus. FITZHEW gets paper. Gives it to LOVEALL. FITZHEW rises—LOVEALL goes L. to sideboard*) By the way, have you had your dinner?

FITZHEW. (*Rises, crosses to r.*) Yes, I found another bean in my soup to-day.

LOVEALL. (*Laughs*) Will you have a drink?

FITZHEW. Eh!

LOVEALL. I said will you have a drink?

FITZHEW. I know—I heard you the first time.
(*r. of table c.*)

(*Bus. LOVEALL with decanter and two glasses, crosses c. and up to FITZHEW. Offers him decanter. FITZHEW holds up tin cup.*)

LOVEALL. What is that?

FITZHEW. That's my loving cup.

LOVEALL. Put it down. Take a glass.

(*FITZHEW puts cup and bread on table.*)

FITZHEW. I'm going to keep my eye on that—do you know I think you have thieves in this place.

(*LOVEALL gives decanter to FITZHEW, remarking.*)

LOVEALL. I shouldn't be surprised—help yourself. (*LOVEALL goes up to sideboard, examines box of cigars, then brings them to table c. FITZHEW coughs, hands decanter to LOVEALL, LOVEALL takes decanter, looks at it, remarks to FITZHEW*) Great stuff!

FITZHEW. That's what brought me over here.
(*Bus. gives decanter to LOVEALL*) Thank you, sir. (*Coughs*) It's dusty in here.

LOVEALL. I'm afraid you are not feeling well.

FITZHEW. I'll feel splendid in a minute.

(*LOVEALL pours out drink, goes L.*)

LOVEALL. Well, here's to your good health and that we may meet frequently.

FITZHEW. No! No! I'm choking but I'll not drink to that toast. (*Puts glass on table—Bus. walks away*)

LOVEALL. No, no, not in here. On the outside, of course.

FITZHEW. Oh! (*Picks up glass. Both drink. As FITZHEW drinks half the contents of his glass, LOVEALL remarks*)

LOVEALL. Here you go.

FITZHEW. Here I go? Here I stay.

(LOVEALL walks to table c., takes up decanter as if to take away, remarking.)

LOVEALL. How do you like it?

FITZHEW. Splendid! You're not going to take it away, are you?

LOVEALL. Oh, no!

FITZHEW. Say, let's drink it all and make Cook mad.

LOVEALL. Now have a nice cigar.

FITZHEW. No, have this on me. I've been your guest long enough—have this on me.

LOVEALL. No, I insist, this is on me.

FITZHEW. Well, if you insist—(*Takes one, bites end of cigar, and puts in pocket. LOVEALL lights his cigar first, then hands his match-box to FITZHEW*)

LOVEALL. Pardon me.

FITZHEW. I wish you would pardon me. How long have you been here?

LOVEALL. Oh, about nine months.

FITZHEW. That beats me. I've been here nine days, seems like nine years to me. (*Puts match-box in his pocket*)

LOVEALL. Don't you know we have prisoners here—(*Business. Touching FITZHEW on his shoulder*) My match-box, please.

FITZHEW. I beg pardon. (*Stamps foot.*

Takes match-box from his pocket, polishes it on coat. Bus. hands match-box to LOVEALL)

LOVEALL. How do you like my rooms?

FITZHEW. This one is all right. You didn't see the one they gave me, did you?

LOVEALL. (Looking back out at cell and remarking) Oh, yes, 77?

FITZHEW. (Points back) Yes, there it is—that hole in the wall.

LOVEALL. Yes, the first tier.

FITZHEW. Was I?

LOVEALL. Were you what?

FITZHEW. You said first here, didn't you?

LOVEALL. No, no, no—the first tier.

FITZHEW. Oh, I thought you said I was the first here. By the way, speaking of rooms, I wish you would throw a little more hay in my stall.

LOVEALL. That room is rather small, never mind, we'll give you a better one the next time you come.

FITZHEW. The same rate?

LOVEALL. (Puffing at cigar and blowing it in FITZHEW's face) How do you like that cigar?

FITZHEW. Very good.

LOVEALL. Good! I should say so—eighteen cents a piece. (Walks back to desk and turns on FITZHEW's following speech)

LOVEALL. I thought they were made here. I think you got the eighteen cent one.

LOVEALL. Well, I like that!

FITZHEW. Well, you might like that, but you ought to try this—this is awful.

LOVEALL. We had better get at that letter, eh? (Goes to desk, gets writing materials, etc., places it on table)

FITZHEW. Just as you say.

LOVEALL. Be seated. There. You will find pen, ink and paper. (Crosses to piano r. FITZHEW sits r. of table)

FITZHEW. You haven't a pencil, have you?

LOVEALL. What's the matter? Don't you like the pen?

FITZHEW. No—I do not like the pen as far as I have gone. (*Picking up pen*) Oh, this! (*LOVEALL gives pencil to FITZHEW*) Mr. Warden, have you got the fellow here that sold you these cigars? (*LOVEALL goes to piano and plays very softly, some pathetic ballad, until cue from FITZHEW to stop. FITZHEW bus. at table, cleans eye-glasses, etc. FITZHEW bus. crying*) Do you know any other gavotte than that one, Mr. Warden?

LOVEALL. I beg your pardon. (*Rises—sighs*) Ah, these poor devils.

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir. (*Writes*) City of Mexico—(*Piano bus. LOVEALL rests his arm on keyboard of piano*) Why don't you sit over here—it's softer on the sofa. (*LOVEALL crosses back of piano, starts to examine unfinished crayon. FITZHEW writing*) City of Mexico, June 77—(*Bus. of erasing the 77*) June 17th. Dearest Clementina. I am at the Hotel Jardin, I have just met my dear friend—" (*Speaks to LOVEALL*) What is your name, please? (*By this time LOVEALL is seated at piano stool, and turns on remark, "What is your name?"*)

LOVEALL. Loveall!

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir. (*Writes again*) My dearest friend—Warden Loveall.

LOVEALL. No—no—no—no—Great Scott! Not warden—no, no—

FITZHEW. I know, I'm rubbing it out. (*Bus. with paper. Erasing same*)

LOVEALL. Put down artist and musician.

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir. Artist in Mexico, just the thing.

LOVEALL. Have another drink. (*LOVEALL sits*

at piano. Starts on unfinished crayon, at same time looks at photo case)

FITZHEW. Thank you, sir. (*Pours drink in tin cup, pours liquid on bread and sits. Writes again. Writing*) My dear friend, Loveall, will deliver the message I am unable to write. Now for a description of Mexico.

(LOVEALL looking at photo case.)

LOVEALL. And to think I am going to see her and with such a recommendation. (*Sighs*) Those eyes—that neck!

FITZHEW. You don't want me to write that, do you?

LOVEALL. No, no, pardon me. (*Places crayon on piano*) I was just talking to myself.

(Enter EDWARD FARRAR D. in flat.)

FARRAR. How do you do, Loveall? Where's the prisoner that wanted to see a lawyer?

LOVEALL. You mean No. 90?

FARRAR. Yes, Fitzhew.

LOVEALL. He is in a padded cell. Come back in about ten minutes.

FARRAR. But the case is very urgent.

LOVEALL. Permit me to be the judge of that.

FARRAR. May I see him in ten minutes?

LOVEALL. Yes. Everything will be ready for you by that time.

FARRAR. All right. (*Exit R. 3 E. LOVEALL down R. of FITZHEW*)

FITZHEW. See what you think of this? (*Reads*) "What a City is Mexico is it? (*Bus. erasing "is it"*) "What a City is Mexico—the houses, with streets, and sidewalks, et cetera, et cetera. I put the et cetera—et cetera in because they will stand for anything.

LOVEALL. That's a good idea.

FITZHEW. The trees—with roots—and leaves—
et cetera—et cetera—

LOVEALL. But you put the et cetera in before.

FITZHEW. Well, you see that takes up a line—I
must fill this up with something. I know nothing
whatever of Mexico.

LOVEALL. She'll think you're sunstruck.

FITZHEW. I can't help what she thinks. I'll
have to say something in this letter. We have just
returned from a bull fight—my bull ran second.
Where else did we go?

LOVEALL. Tell her. (*Thinking*) We went for
a row on the river.

FITZHEW. Good! (*Writing*) "Went for a
row on the river; the water was wet—"

LOVEALL. Then you might say we were lulled
to sleep by the sweet singing of the dark-eyed
senoritas. (*Very pathetic*)

FITZHEW. Do you want my wife to go down
there? If I write that she'll think the senoritas
were in the same boat with us. I'll not refer to
any senoritas, this is to my wife—we'll make this
a stag party. Where did we go at night?

LOVEALL. (*Meditating*) We went to the opera
and heard—Patti.

FITZHEW. Good! White or black?

LOVEALL. White, of course.

FITZHEW. What did she sing?

LOVEALL. (*Very pathetic*) "Home, sweet
home."

FITZHEW. Heard Patti sing "Home sweet
Home."

LOVEALL. Well, what are you writing now?

FITZHEW. (*Bus. writing*) A little poetry to
my wife. (*Reads*) "How lonely am I, Clemmie
dear, when I sit down to sup. Oh, how I long to
be at home and hear you say—"

Cook. (*Back of window*) Stand up!
(FITZHEW rises, crosses to L. C.)

(Enter FARRAR R. 3 E.)

FARRAR. Loveall—may I see that prisoner now?

LOVEALL. You may see him in a few moments—
be seated.

FARRAR. (*Sits on sofa R. of table*) This is 77?

FITZHEW. What's your number?

LOVEALL. (*Whistle heard. Goes to bell board*)
Oh, he won't, eh? Put 110 in a dark cell.

FITZHEW. 110 in the shade up there.

LOVEALL. Very well, then put him in a straight
jacket.

FARRAR. Why do they put prisoners in straight
jacket?

FITZHEW. Because they're crooked, I guess. I
don't know any other reason.

LOVEALL. That's the worst prisoner we have. I
don't know what to do to punish him. (*Back of
table c.*)

FITZHEW. Why don't you give him one of these
cigars? (*Rises—gives LOVEALL letter*)

LOVEALL. (*Reads*) "408 Gramercy Park."

FITZHEW. Yes, that's where I live.

LOVEALL. (*Reading down c.*) Mrs. Benjamin
Fitzhew—you don't mean to tell me that lady is
your wife. John Martin?

FITZHEW. John Martin? I'm Benjamin Fitzhew.

LOVEALL. Oh, come now, we've got Fitzhew
here.

FITZHEW. Of course you have and you're going
to keep him here. That's a ghastly joke. (*Goes
toward FARRAR L. C.*)

FARRAR. How are you, Mr. Fitzhew? (*Cross-
ing r.*)

FITZHEW. I'm John Martin—

LOVEALL. (*Aside*) He's been flirting with

Fitzhew's wife. (*To FITZHEW*) It's all right—I won't give you away. (*Crossing to FITZHEW*)

FITZHEW. All right.

LOVEALL. He might cause trouble, eh?

FITZHEW. Who?

LOVEALL. Her husband.

FITZHEW. Whose husband?

LOVEALL. Mrs. Fitzhew's husband.

FITZHEW. Why, don't you understand that I'm Mrs. Fitzhew's husband?

LOVEALL. There—if she's as beautiful as my ideal I don't blame you.

FITZHEW. I hope I may never come back to this place if I'm not her husband.

LOVEALL. It's all right, I won't give you away. (*Exits d. in flat. Crosses back of window*)

FITZHEW. (*Crosses to c.*) I hope not—(*Bus. opening cigar-box*) Have a cigar. Help yourself, they're not mine. (*Bus. FARRAR takes cigar*) Have another. Take some home to your friends.

FARRAR. (*Sits*) Quite a comfortable place you have here.

FITZHEW. Oh, tolerable. It will be more so when these confounded mechanics get through. I'm going to change it all around. I'm going to get a larger sideboard and more stock, and I'm going to get a new cook. (*Bus. looking around. Sits*) Now you would naturally think to see me in this rig that I was a prisoner here, wouldn't you?

FARRAR. Yes.

FITZHEW. Everybody thinks the same. It fools everybody. It's a little joke on my wife—and on me. (*Noise heard at d. r. 3*) Hear that—somebody trying to break in here. How do you like that cigar?

FARRAR. Very good.

FITZHEW. Good! I should say so—eighteen cents for a box like this. Will you have a drink? (*Crosses L. c.*)

FARRAR. I don't mind—won't you join me?
(*Rises, crosses R. C.*)

FITZHEW. I'll show you when you get through.
(*Bus. taking decanter, pouring one drink, filling glass*) Good?

FARRAR. Splendid.

FITZHEW. (*Bus. holding decanter and glass*) Here, take this. Not that, this.

(*FARRAR takes decanter.*)

FARRAR. What makes you so nervous?

FITZHEW. (*Sitting*) I stay in the house too much.

COOK. (*Enters L. back of window. Sees FITZHEW is seated*) Stand up! (*Exits L.*)

FITZHEW. (*Bus. places glass on table, goes to window*) That's that boy of mine—he's always joking. Go away from there and keep away.
(*Bus. lockstep comes down-stage*)

FARRAR. What is the matter with your foot?

FITZHEW. I'm breaking these shoes in for a friend of mine. (*Goes to table c., sits L. of table*)

FARRAR. (*Sits*) Now, sir, would you mind giving me a bit of advice?

FITZHEW. Certainly not. That's about all I can give you here.

FARRAR. I am in love with a beautiful young girl, but she's engaged to another. Now what would you do?

FITZHEW. I don't know—who is the girl?

FARRAR. Your sister-in-law.

FITZHEW. Sallie?

FARRAR. Yes, sir. I want your consent to pay my addresses to her—Mr. John Martin—Benjamin Fitzhew.

FITZHEW. You call me "77" please, and be kind enough to tell me what your name is?

FARRAR. Edward Farrar.

FITZHEW. Not the nephew of the District Attorney?

FARRAR. (*Pleased*) Correct.

FITZHEW. Then you are the idiot who was going to fix this case of mine with that dizzy Uncle of yours? You have as much chance of winning my sister-in-law as a snowball in—well, you know the place.

FARRAR. (*Rises*) I tried to arrange everything—I did all I could. I left no stone unturned.

FITZHEW. You ought to see the pile I've cracked since then.

FARRAR. Then you refuse?

FITZHEW. Twice!

FARRAR. Then I will throw myself at her feet.

FITZHEW. I don't care where you throw yourself.

FARRAR. (*Goes up-stage then crosses L. C.*) I will plead with your wife.

FITZHEW. (*Rises*) Remember, if you see my wife I am in Mexico—you understand?

FARRAR. Oh, yes.

FITZHEW. Great country this, Mexico. Full of bananas and Mexicans.

FARRAR. How long are you going to stay?

FITZHEW. I'm going to stay here until my number comes out—that's policy!

(*Exit FARRAR L. 3 E. Bus. with decanter filling glass. LOUIS crosses, looks in window.*)

LOUIS. Sh, sh, sh! (*Gets away quick*)

FITZHEW. (*Bus. places glass on table, goes to window*) I see you, Cook.

(*Enter LOUIS D. in flat.*)

LOUIS. Sh, sh, sh, sh!

FITZHEW. What is it, a new game you're playing?

LOUIS. I have a da plan to make de gran-da escape.

FITZHEW. Escape—how are you going to do it?

LOUIS. Now listen! You see that large but—when you push that large but—and ring the big bell, I'll blow the whis—. When I blow the whis—you killa the warden.

FITZHEW. No! You kill the warden.

(LOUIS *bus.* takes gun from pocket and hands it to FITZHEW.)

LOUIS. Take the gun—you killa the warden. I killa you. Now remember. When you pusha de large button and ringa de big bell, I'll blowa de whistle, whena I blowa de whistle, you killa de warden. You know Pietro, eh?

FITZHEW. Yes.

LOUIS. Well, he kill the keeper.

FITZHEW. What do you do?

LOUIS. I make the grandescape. (*Exit Louis R. F.*)

FITZHEW. (*Soliloquizing*) Why don't he push the button and let me escape—he's a bad prisoner that 89. He'll rob this jail yet. I'll never push that button, never. (*Crosses up R. C. Enter LOVEALL L. 3 E. Bus. looking in drawer of sideboard*) What are you looking for?

LOVEALL. I've lost my revolver. (*Bus. then goes to bellboard*)

FITZHEW. Don't ring that bell.

LOVEALL. What's the matter with you!

FITZHEW. I am frightfully nervous this morning.

LOVEALL. I should say you were. (*Looks around, then goes to desk. Bus. FITZHEW pointing revolver at LOVEALL*)

LOUIS. (*Back of window*) Not yet—not yet.

(*Enter COOK L. 3 E.*)

LOVEALL. Cook, I have lost my revolver!

COOK. It must have been stolen by one of the prisoners.

FITZHEW. Why don't you lock your jail up at night, then you won't lose—

LOVEALL. Shut up! (*To COOK. Enter L. 3*) Search every prisoner, and the one you find with my revolver—

COOK. Well—? (*Crosses c.*)

LOVEALL. Put them in a dungeon on bread and water for thirty days.

COOK. I'll do it. (*FITZHEW starts toward door in flat*) Here—where are you going!

FITZHEW. I'll go and get a policeman—I'll find your revolver!

LOVEALL. You stop right here! Cook, do your duty.

COOK. I'll start on this one first. (*Crosses to FITZHEW*) Throw up your hands!

LOVEALL. Cook, never mind him—search the other prisoners first. I have business with this one. (*Exit COOK c. in flat. Bus. with revolver. FITZHEW places revolver on piano*) Well, I have seen her.

FITZHEW. Who?

LOVEALL. Mrs. Fitzhew.

FITZHEW. Where?

LOVEALL. Here, in jail.

FITZHEW. What is she in for?

LOVEALL. No, no, she's here with the ladies of the Flower Mission. I gave her your letter—told her I met you in Mexico. That we were old friends. She's coming here to talk it over. (*Mrs. FITZHEW crosses window back*) Here she is now. (*Crosses up*)

FITZHEW. My wife here? She must not see me—hide me. (*Enter CLEMENTINA R. E. Bus.* FITZHEW *hides back of LOVEALL as his wife enters. He exits, slams door in flat*)

CLEMENTINA. What was that?

LOVEALL. Oh, that's nothing—just the air through the corridor.

CLEMENTINA. (*Goes to sofa and sits*) I have left the girls to distribute the rest of the flowers, Mr. Loveall. Now tell me of Ben.

(FITZHEW *appears at back of window.*)

LOVEALL. He is anxiously waiting the day he can return.

FITZHEW. And that's no lie.

CLEMENTINA. (*Reading letter*) "My dear friend Loveall will deliver the message my pen refuses to write."

LOVEALL. Oh, yes, he told me to call frequently, commissioned me to fill his place as far as possible.

FITZHEW. Now, that's a friend worth having!

CLEMENTINA. And you will, for his sake?

LOVEALL. Will! (*Crossing, kisses hand*) With all my heart.

FITZHEW. (*At back*) He plays that part great!

CLEMENTINA. I want you to tell me all about my husband. Sit down.

FITZHEW. (*When LOVEALL is seated. At back*) Stand up!

LOVEALL. (*Bus. rising, going up-stage*) Sh! What are you doing here?

FITZHEW. Thirty days.

LOVEALL. (*Goes down to MRS. FITZHEW*) There is very little to tell, except that he is well and happy.

CLEMENTINA. Happy?

LOVEALL. Happy in the thought that his term will soon expire.

FITZHEW. No—no—no—don't say anything about term. She thinks I am in Mexico. (LOVEALL goes to window and pulls shade up, then back to c. Enter FITZHEW d. in flat, goes to LOVEALL. Enter COOK d. in flat) Now remember. Don't say anything about term.

COOK. Get out of here.

FITZHEW. Don't bother me.

COOK. Are you going to get out?

FITZHEW. No.

COOK. You're no^t.

FITZHEW. No. (COOK bus. striking FITZHEW with stuffed club) Certainly I was going—can't you take a joke? (Both exit d. in flat)

CLEMENTINA. How lonesome he must be!

LOVEALL. I wonder which one she belongs to, 77 or 90. (Goes to MRS. FITZHEW) Madam, will you tell me what kind of a looking man your husband is?

CLEMENTINA. What!

LOVEALL. I mean was, when a boy.

CLEMENTINA. I don't understand.

LOVEALL. (Aloud) You see, Madam, he won you at that time and in filling his place I wish to be as much like him as possible. You understand? (Sits)

(Enter COOK, NETTIE, SALLIE, MIRANDA d. in flat)

COOK. This way, ladies! Now you have seen all the prisoners there is to be seen, except the gang working in the south wing, I'll fetch them in now. (COOK lets shade down)

FITZHEW. (Back of door) Pull up that shade. (COOK pulls up shade and exits L. 3 E.)

SALLIE. Well, there isn't much here to suggest a prison.

LOVEALL. (Rises and goes to ladies) I must confess, ladies, to an effort toward the artistic. I

had never hoped that it might be illuminated by the beautiful. (*Music cue. Aside*) Why didn't they stay out a few minutes longer. (*Goes back and sits with CLEMENTINA on sofa*)

(Enter PRISONERS, *lockstep*, door d. 3 E. *Bus. of ladies handing flowers to prisoners. Prisoners exit L. 3 E.*)

LOUIS. You have no chewing tobacco. (*Throws flowers away*)

COOK. This way, ladies. (*Exit L. 3 E. Exit L. 3—ladies*)

CLEMENTINA. Anything more?

LOVEALL. Volumes could not express the sentiments prompted by so charming a subject.

CLEMENTINA. Did Mr. Fitzhew say that?

LOVEALL. Dare I hope that you will accept it from—in a word, I am a friend of Paquita's! (*Rises, crosses c.*)

CLEMENTINA. Paquita's!

LOVEALL. I saw at her house the portrait of the adorable woman that I had the misfortune not to know.

CLEMENTINA. Do you suppose that interests me?

LOVEALL. I was wrong. Madam, I realize it now—do you wish to deny her acquaintance, but I cannot forget that it was in her house I saw for the first time—that face. (*Produces photograph-case. CLEMENTINA rises, takes photograph-case*)

CLEMENTINA. My photograph!

LOVEALL. Yes—you recognize it?

CLEMENTINA. Where did you say you got this?

LOVEALL. I borrowed it of Paquita. (*up c.*)

CLEMENTINA. Paquita! I gave it to Benjamin and he has given it to Paquita. I see it all now—his nervousness, his haste to get away! Where is Miss Paquita to be found?

LOVEALL. In Mexico.

CLEMENTINA. As I expected. (*Crosses R. C.*) My husband is also in Mexico; they are together at the Hotel Jardin. It is clear enough to me. (*Starts to exit*)

LOVEALL. Where are you going?

CLEMENTINA. To send Mr. Fitzhew a telegram to the Hotel Jardin. (*Exits D. in flat*)

LOVEALL. (*Bus. letting down shade*) I flatter myself I worked that affair pretty well.

(*Enter FITZHEW L. U. E.*)

FITZHEW. Mr. Warden, did my wife say anything?

MAJORS. (*Enters D. in flat*) Fitzhew!

LOVEALL. Fitzhew! Will you explain this Fitzhew business? If you are Benjamin Fitzhew, who is the man who was arrested at 408 Gramercy Park?

FITZHEW. Arrested where?

LOVEALL. 408 Gramercy Park, with his wife.

MAJORS. What?

FITZHEW. That's where I live—408 Gramercy Park.

LOVEALL. No, no, no.

FITZHEW. Yes, yes, yes—we have the whole house.

LOVEALL. He was arrested at 408 Gramercy Park, with his wife. They found them in the room alone.

FITZHEW. In the room alone?

MAJORS. See here, a joke's a joke, but this is carrying it a little too far. Say, Will—

FITZHEW. Now, Billie—

LOVEALL. Shut up—there's the record.

FITZHEW. Well, this man that was arrested at 408 Gramercy Park—is he here?

LOVEALL. Yes, he's here; waiting to see a lawyer.

FITZHEW. May I see him, please?

LOVEALL. If the lawyer is agreeable——

(Enter FARRAR L. 3 E.)

FARRAR. See here, Loveall, do I see that client or not!

LOVEALL. Certainly, you may see him at the same time. I'll leave you to enjoy yourselves while I look after the prisoners. (Exits R. 2 E.)

FITZHEW. Mr. Farrar, this client of yours, this man who calls himself Mr. Fitzhew, will you allow me to see him for a few minutes alone please?

FARRAR. Before I see him?

FITZHEW. Yes, he'll be easier for you when I get through with him.

FARRAR. All right, it's all in the family. (Exits L. 3 E.)

FITZHEW. Now, wait until he comes in.

MAJORS. Have you any idea who he can be?

FITZHEW. No, but I will in a minute. Now, Majors, you have always professed to be my friend, will you do me a favor?

MAJORS. Certainly.

FITZHEW. Will you change clothes with me?

MAJORS. Eh?

FITZHEW. Just for a few minutes.

MAJORS. All right. (Bus. starts to remove coat)

FITZHEW. Not here—just step in that room. (MAJORS exits arch R. 2) I want to have an interview with my wife's husband. (Exits A. R. 2. Enter COOK L. 3 E.)

COOK. (Bus. picking up flowers) I wish these women would keep away from here. The place looks clean until they come around with their darn bouquets. (Enter SCHMIDT R. U. E.) Now what are you doing here?

SCHMIDT. I'm doing sixty days, you know that very well.

COOK. Now you go back to work on that rock pile.

SCHMIDT. The warden sent me here. I have business here.

COOK. What is your business?

SCHMIDT. My beesness is my beesness unt not your beesness.

COOK. See here, you've got to behave yourself in this jail.

SCHMIDT. Oh, you needn't brag about your old jail, I've been in better jails than this.

COOK. Now don't you get funny. I'm going to keep an eye on you. I don't like your looks.
(Crosses to D. in R. C.)

SCHMIDT. I don't like my looks too. (Exit COOK D. in flat) Now when I see dis lawyer, I vill tell him—about that puddin' face vind bag who slap me in my face. (Crosses L. C. Enter FITZHEW, arch R., with MAJORS' coat, hat and pants on) You are de lawyer dat is going to take charge of my case?

FITZHEW. Sit down—sit down. (FITZHEW pushes him into chair L. of table. Aside) He looks like a murderer.

SCHMIDT. I am glad dat you are here already yet. (Rises)

FITZHEW. Sit down will you? That thing with my wife. What is your name?

SCHMIDT. My name is—

FITZHEW. (Rises) Now don't say it's Fitzhew, because it isn't. I won't stand that.

SCHMIDT. No, dot's shust de point of de joke,

FITZHEW. What joke?

SCHMIDT. Dey will haf it dot I am Benjamin Fitzhew, because I was found in der room alone wit Mrs. Fitzhew—(Bus. FITZHEW drinks out of decanter. SCHMIDT rises)

FITZHEW. Sit down! So you were found alone in a room with Mrs. Fitzhew?

SCHMIDT. Sure! (FITZHEW *strikes at him*) There's no mistake, you are here to defend me? (Rises)

FITZHEW. Yes. Sit down. I can get at you better. Now, if you wish me to defend you, you must tell me the truth—you are quite sure that you were found alone in a room at 408 Gramercy Park—you have the number right—four hundred and—

SCHMIDT. Eight.

FITZHEW. With Mrs. Benjamin Fitzhew?

SCHMIDT. Sure.

FITZHEW. Sure. . (Bus. *choking SCHMIDT*) You said sure, didn't you?

SCHMIDT. (Rises) Sure I said sure. There's something in this lawyer's manner that loses me my confidence in him. You are here to defend me?

FITZHEW. Yes, sit down.

SCHMIDT. Then I vill tell you my case. Dot is de best joke on that puddin' face Fitzhew that you ever heard. I vonder what he would do, if he knew it. (FITZHEW *hits SCHMIDT with cigar-box and SCHMIDT falls. Gets up—Bus. FITZHEW and SCHMIDT do lockstep*) I don't think that he is such a good lawyer. What do you think of my case?

FITZHEW. Why, you haven't a chance in the world. I don't think you will ever get out of here. Yes! There is one hope left for you. Escape!

SCHMIDT. How?

FITZHEW. (Bus. *gets revolver from piano*) Sh! (Bus. *with revolver. Gives it to SCHMIDT*) When you hear a whistle blow—take this and kill the warden. (LOVEALL *enters R. 2 E.*) Mr. Warden, look out for No. 90—he's dangerous.

LOVEALL. Dangerous—what do you mean?

(FITZHEW *goes to bell and rings it. Whistle blows outside, SCHMIDT fires revolver. FITZHEW*

catching his hand, takes revolver from him, throws him down and gives revolver to LOVE-ALL. MAJORS enters R. 2 E. goes centre, hears report of gun, starts to exit. COOK enters, stops MAJORS. LOUIS back of window blowing whistle. Convicts running—cross stage back of window.)

CURTAIN.

(SECOND CURTAIN: FITZHEW kicks SCHMIDT. COOK strikes MAJORS with club.)

ACT III.

SCENE:—*Same as Act I with MEXICAN decorations ad lib. Piano obliqued L. 2nd. Photograph case on piano.*

DISCOVERED:—MIRANDA at rise. Draping sofa L. C.

MIRANDA. There, I hope that will suit her. Here we had to arrange all these Mexican decorations just in honor of Mr. Fitzhew's return. Unless I am very much mistaken, I saw him in prison the day I was there with the ladies of the Flower Mission. I haven't said anything about it because if it was Mr. Fitzhew he'll pay me more for keeping still than his wife would for telling. That's why they say "Silence is golden," I guess. (Placing scarfs on chairs)

(Enter SALLIE and NETTIE, c.)

SALLIE. Aren't you nearly finished? (Crosses R. C. NETTIE L. C.)

MIRANDA. (Crosses to c. D.) Yes, all but a

few flags in the dining-room. How do you like it?

SALLIE and NETTIE. Oh! very pretty.

MIRANDA. I'll arrange the flags in the dining-room. (*Exits C. D. R.*)

NETTIE. I think it was real mean of you not to tell me. I could have had a Mexican costume just as well as not—Pop hasn't refused me anything since Mr. Fitzhew went to Mexico.

SALLIE. I am so glad Ben is coming home to-night.

NETTIE. How long is it since he left? (*Sits on sofa L. C.*)

SALLIE. (*Crosses R. of sofa L. C.*) Thirty days. And we have only received one letter in all that time.

NETTIE. And he said nothing about your engagement?

SALLIE. That's what I can't understand—he knows I love Richard and that Richard loves me—and just because he took it in his head that he'd like to take a trip to *Mexico* he broke off the engagement without rhyme or reason.

NETTIE. What does Richard say about it?

SALLIE. He knows no more about it than I do. Benjamin sent for him the night it was to be publicly announced and told him our marriage was impossible.

NETTIE. If I were going to be married, I'd like to see any brother-in-law interfere with me. (*Rises*)

SALLIE. You may have a chance.

NETTIE. What do you mean? (*Crosses to c.*)

SALLIE. I saw Mr. Farrar turning the music for you the other night and there was more than a "friendship" look in his eyes.

NETTIE. I wish I had known it. I'd have helped him along.

SALLIE. You would?

NETTIE. Why, certainly, you can't expect the

man to do it all. If he shows in any way that he's interested, pin a flower on his coat—ask him to call again—if he mentions the weather, just take him over to the piano and sing "You and I together, Love," if you want to win him. It may not be exactly womanly but it's business.

(Enter CLEMENTINA L, crosses down R. C.)

CLEMENTINA. How do you like it, girls?

SALLIE. Beautiful.

NETTIE. Lovely.

CLEMENTINA. And the decoration—isn't it splendid.

NETTIE. Yes, it's lovely.

CLEMENTINA. Girls, I want this reception to be a great success. Benjamin will appreciate it I'm sure. It will remind him so much of Mexico. Nettie, your father will be here to-night.

NETTIE. Oh, yes, later—he stopped in at the club for a moment.

CLEMENTINA. (Goes to c. d., calling) Miranda. (Enter MIRANDA, C. D. R.) Miranda, when the man from the caterer arrives with the supper, send him to me at once. (L. C.)

MIRANDA. Yes, ma'am. (Exit MIRANDA C. D. L.)

CLEMENTINA. Girls I have ordered a tamale supper from the Spanish caterer.

NETTIE. A tamale supper? (Crosses to c.)

CLEMENTINA. Yes.

NETTIE. Why?

CLEMENTINA. So Benjamin won't have a sudden change in his diet.

NETTIE. You've made great preparations for his return?

CLEMENTINA. Yes, but there are a lot of Mexican things here of which I know nothing, but Ben will be able to explain them all to me when he comes home.

NETTIE. I am sure he will.

SALLIE. I wonder if he will have learned any of the Spanish language. (*Exits R. I. E.*)

MAJORS. (*Outside*) Very well; I'll fix that all right. (*Enter MAJORS c. door*)

NETTIE. (*Crosses up R. c.*) Here's Pop, now.

MAJORS. Always on time—never was late in my life. I made it a rule when a schoolboy to be prompt and punctual and always willing to aid a friend in trouble and I have never broken it.

CLEMENTINA. A good rule, Mr. Majors, and one that will gain you the goodwill of everyone.

MAJORS. One would suppose it would but somehow or other I have never been properly appreciated, especially by those I seem to help most.

NETTIE. I'm sure Mr. Fitzhew always—

MAJORS. Fitzhew is one of the most unappreciative of the lot, but for me he'd have been right here in New York all this time and never have enjoyed this beautiful trip to Mexico.

(*Enter LOVEALL c. door.*)

LOVEALL. (*Looking about*) Lovely—lovely—Mrs. Fitzhew, allow me to compliment you on your dress and artistic taste in decorating. I am sure your husband will appreciate your thoughtfulness. (*Crosses L.*)

CLEMENTINA. No more than a wife should do when her husband has been away for thirty days.

MAJORS. I told him all about it—that is—I wrote him while he was in Mexico that you missed him and longed for his return. Don't you see? (*Aside*) I am the greatest diplomat ever! (*Crosses R.*)

NETTIE. What time will he arrive?

LOVEALL. He should be here now.

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses to R.*) Mr. Majors, there is one thing I do not understand. Why Ben

failed to answer my telegram sent to the Hotel Jardin on the 22nd.

MAJORS. (*Crosses to r.*) Why, because he was not there.

LOVEALL. Yes, he was. (*Bus. trying to attract Majors' attention*)

MAJORS. Was he, oh! the Hotel Jardin—yes, yes, oh, he'll be able to explain all that when he comes home. (*Aside*) Something wrong here—I'll have to fix this thing up.

(*Enter MIRANDA c. door.*)

MIRANDA. Mr. Fitzhew's here! (*Music cue*)

ALL. Where?

MIRANDA. He's downstairs—paying the taxi.

MAJORS. I hope he don't have a row with this one.

MIRANDA. He's coming upstairs and will be here in a minute. Here he is—here he is. (*Exits c. d. r.* FITZHEW *enters c. d. l.*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Goes to him and kisses him*) Benjamin!

FITZHEW. Buenos Dias Amar.

CLEMENTINA. V Habla espanol.

FITZHEW. What? (*Crosses l. c.*)

CLEMENTINA. V Habla Espanol.

FITZHEW. (*Bus. looking in book*) Rouse mid 'em.

LOVEALL. Nix—nix—that's Dutch.

FITZHEW. Then the answer's wrong in the book—oh, yes—I was on the wrong page—here it is. Buenos Dias Callebro.

LOVEALL. Esta Esceletta.

FITZHEW. In a minute. (*Aside*) I've got Loveall with me. (*Crosses to table*) I don't need that book. (*Lays book on table*)

(*LOVEALL crosses back and joins NETTIE. MAJORS Crosses back of table and gets book.*)

NETTIE. Did you have any Chili con carne while you were away?

FITZHEW. Oh, yes, a tin cupful every morning.

(NETTIE joins CLEMENTINA R. C. Enter SALLIE R. 3—comes to FITZHEW.)

SALLIE. (Crosses) Brother Ben. (Bus. kisses FITZHEW)

MAJORS. (Crosses) I say Fitz—Aqua Jailer—

FITZHEW. Yeso for a montho—will you shut upo.

LOVEALL. Mr. Fitzhew will tell you all about them, won't you?

FITZHEW. About what?

LOVEALL. The ladies want to hear about the Bull Fight.

FITZHEW. What bull fight?

CLEMENTINA. The Bull Fight you spoke of in your letter.

FITZHEW. Oh, that one.

LOVEALL. Yes. Tell them about the Bull Fight.

FITZHEW. Bull Fight?

LOVEALL. The one we saw.

FITZHEW. Oh, I saw a dog fight—perhaps they would rather hear—

LOVEALL. No, no; tell them about the Bull Fight.

FITZHEW. Well, this was a bull dog.

CLEMENTINA. Ben, please tell us about the Bull Fight?

MAJORS. Fitz, tell us all about the matadors and pickadors?

FITZHEW. Yes, and the iron doors. I could tell you more about them.

ALL. Please tell us about the Bull Fight. (Ad lib.)

MAJORS. Come on, give us a description of the Bull Fight.

FITZHEW. (To MAJORS) Keep quiet—you know I never saw a bull fight in my life.

(General ad lib.)

ALL. Go on—go on—

FITZHEW. Well—the Bull Fight I saw—there was a large stone arena and a lot of men keeping time to the music—then there was a trumpet call and in comes the pickadors; then there's another trumpet call and out gallops the cow—

ALL. What!

FITZHEW. I mean the bull. The pickadors step to one side and as the bull passes, he stabs him with his mashaza; this naturally hurts the Bull's feelings and he tries to renig; but there's another pickador—the first pickador's brother hands him a larger and sharper mashaza.

CLEMENTINA. A what, Ben?

FITZHEW. A mashaza and he—

CLEMENTINA. Well, what's a mashaza?

FITZHEW. What's a mashaza—now what do you think of that—as if anybody didn't know what a mashaza was—A mashaza is a Spanish hi-hi-ya.

CLEMENTINA. A hi-hi-ya—what's that?

FITZHEW. Why, that's a mashaza—the second pickador is over here and as the bull crosses, he turns and sees Cook—(MAJORS *bus.*, *coughs*) That is, he goes to his corner—out comes the matador—

ALL. Ah!

FITZHEW. He bows, kisses his hand to the ladies, turns, sees the bull and shakes hands with him.

ALL. What's that?

FITZHEW. Shakes his hands at the bull, that's to make him saucy so he'll fight—the matador stands squarely in front of the bull—the bull sees him, he snorts, his eyes flash fire, everybody is crazy by this time.

ALL. Yes.

FITZHEW. The matador had aimed at the bull's eye—I mean his heart. Everybody stands up in the seats and yells *viva San Diego, viva*.

ALL. Yes, yes.

FITZHEW. The bull rushes over to him.

ALL. Yes.

FITZHEW. Then rushes back and sits down and says he won't fight any more—because it's a holiday.

SALLIE. Were there many people at the Bull Fight?

FITZHEW. Packed—they were all in tiers—I was in the first tier—wasn't I, Loveall?

LOVEALL. That's right.

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses to FITZHEW*) There's one thing I couldn't understand, Benjamin—in your letter—you wrote that you heard Patti sing in Mexico.

FITZHEW. Yes—at the Bull Fight—she sang beautifully.

CLEMENTINA. Why, she was singing in Chicago that week.

FITZHEW. I know she was.

CLEMENTINA. Then how could you hear her?

FITZHEW. Well, I did.

CLEMENTINA. I don't see how.

FITZHEW. Now, I'm not going to tell you just to make you mad. (*Bus. turns to MAJORS*) Get me out of this. (*To MAJORS*)

CLEMENTINA. Ben, I insist upon—

MAJORS. (*To CLEMENTINA*) One moment, please. Ben, did you see the Mexico dances?

FITZHEW. Oh, yes. I saw them and learned all the dances—(*Aside*) That's the brightest thing he's said yet.

CLEMENTINA. So have I. You shall dance one with me.

FITZHEW. (*To MAJORS*) Now, what did you

bring that dance business up for? You know I can't dance a step, don't you?

CLEMENTINA. You will, won't you, Ben?

FITZHEW. Some other time—wait until I have eaten something—I'm hungry.

CLEMENTINA. Come on, Ben—I'm sure they will all enjoy it.

ALL. Of course—yes, indeed, we will. (*Ad lib.*)

CLEMENTINA. You will, won't you?

FITZHEW. All right—I'll join in the chorus.

(*Music cue. Dance. Exit CLEMENTINA and FITZHEW 3 E.*)

MAJORS. (*To LOVEALL*) Loveall, my boy. I flatter myself I've fixed this thing up in great shape. Suppose we adjourn. (*Points R. I E.*) And drink to the success of my plans.

LOVEALL. If the ladies will excuse me.

(*They nod.*)

MAJORS. There is one thing that bothers me—that telegram Mrs. Fitzhew sent on the 22nd; but I'll fix that. Now if you ever get in trouble you come to me and I'll get you out all right. (*Exit MAJORS and LOVEALL R. I E.*)

SALLIE. Doesn't Ben look well after his trip.

NETTIE. I don't think so—but what a beautiful costume he has on, a perfect match for Clementina's.

(*Enter DAUNTON c. door.*)

DAUNTON. Has he arrived? (*Crosses down L. c.*)

SALLIE. Yes. (*Crosses to c.*)

DAUNTON. I want to see him at once—I'm going to compel him to give me the true reason for having broken our engagement.

NETTIE. I know why he did it. (R. C.)

DAUNTON and SALLIE. Why? (Crosses R. C.)

NETTIE. (Crosses L. C.) Because you were foolish enough to let him.

DAUNTON. I couldn't help it. I was already anxiously awaiting the hour of the reception at which our engagement was to be formally announced when Fitzhew sent for me and told me there would be no reception, that the whole affair was off. Before I could recover he left for Mexico —I was obliged to wait his return and now that he is here I mean to settle it and at once. (Crosses to L. and up)

(Enter FARRAR C. L. door.)

FARRAR. Ladies, has Mr. Fitzhew returned?

SALLIE. Some time ago. (Crosses L. C.) Mr. Farrar, my brother-in-law thinks very highly of you.

FARRAR. (Aside) Here's where I do Daunton.

SALLIE. I want you to ask him to give his consent to our engagement.

FARRAR. That's just what brings me here.

SALLIE. Tell him we have loved each other a long time and are mutually satisfied that we can be happy for life.

NETTIE. (Sits) He's in good humor to-night—he'll surely not refuse.

FARRAR. (To SALLIE) I'll go at once. (Crosses up-stage. Starts)

SALLIE. (Follows him) Tell him Richard and I will await his answer here.

FARRAR. (In c. arch) Richard and you!

DAUNTON. Yes; and if you obtain his consent you will do me a lasting service. (Starts up-stage)

NETTIE. Yes, Mr. Farrar, they could never live apart.

SALLIE. We have been friends since childhood,

to be separated now would kill us both, I know it.
(*Exits L. 3 E. with DAUNTON*)

FARRAR (*Aside*) Well, I'll be—that settles me.
(*Goes to NETTIE who is seated on sofa*) Aren't
they happy?

NETTIE. What a lucky girl she is.

FARRAR. Because she's in love?

NETTIE. Partly that; but more so because she
is loved.

FARRAR. (*Sits on sofa*) Move up—surely you
should find no trouble in—

NETTIE. Mr. Farrar, have you ever thought
seriously of matrimony?

FARRAR. Very—for a long time.

NETTIE. Are you thinking still?

FARRAR. (*Aside*) By Jove, I will. (*Aloud*)
Miss Majors—have I in any way pleased you?

NETTIE. You're young, good looking, prospects
and all that—what more could a woman want?

FARRAR. But would your father consent?

NETTIE. Who's doing this, he or I?

FARRAR. Still I'd rather have his consent.

NETTIE. All right—have your own way. (*Both*
rise from sofa. Enter SALLIE and DAUNTON) I'll
see Pop and be back with his consent in two minutes.
(*To SALLIE*) Sallie, come with me and I'll show
you how preliminary details are arranged in the
Majors' family.

SALLIE. What do you mean?

NETTIE. He said, "Will you," I said, "Ah, ha."

SALLIE. And you are going to ask your father?

NETTIE. No, I am going to tell my father. (*Exit*
SALLIE and NETTIE R. 3 E.)

DAUNTON. (*Goes to FARRAR*) Allow me to
congratulate you, Mr. Farrar.

FARRAR. Thank you.

DAUNTON. Why, I considered you a rival all
the time.

FARRAR. No, I only did that to make you jealous.

(Enter FITZHEW and CLEMENTINA door c. l.)

FITZHEW. Ah—Vive lack apaultepec.

FARRAR and DAUNTON. Welcome home, Mr. Fitzhew. (Shakes hands on each side)

FITZHEW. Don't say Mr.—say sig-nor.

FARRAR and DAUNTON. Signor Fitzhew.

FITZHEW. It fits me all but this shawl—I can't keep this up—would you mind retiring for a few minutes.

CLEMENTINA. Ben, I want you to tell me all about your trip. You will pardon my impatience, I know, but my husband has been absent so long.

(FARRAR laughs and walks up c.)

FITZHEW. (Crosses l.) Yes, boys; so long. (DAUNTON and FARRAR laugh and go up c.) Now, what are you two laughing at—this may seem very funny to you. I don't see anything funny in it.

DAUNTON. Mr. Fitzhew, where did you get your costume?

FITZHEW. Over on Second Avenue. (To CLEMENTINA) You should see that Second Avenue in Mexico. You must go with me the next time. (To DAUNTON and FARRAR) Will you get out of here, please?

DAUNTON. Did you enjoy the long Mexican walks while away?

FITZHEW. Yes, through the corridors.

CLEMENTINA. Corridors, Ben.

FITZHEW. The Mexican corridors. Will you get out of here. (Crosses up to them)

DAUNTON and FARRAR. Adieu, adios, adios, Signor Fitzhew. (Laugh at each other, lockstep and exit c. d. r.)

CLEMENTINA. (Crosses l. c.) Now, Ben, tell

me about your trip. Mexico *must* be a very interesting place.

FITZHEW. (*Sits*) I knew that was coming. (*Crosses down R. C.*)

CLEMENTINA. (*Sits, sofa*) In your letter you said you went for a row.

FITZHEW. On the river.

CLEMENTINA. What river was it?

FITZHEW. The Amazon.

CLEMENTINA. Why, I wasn't aware that the Amazon flowed through the City of Mexico.

FITZHEW. Who said it did—this one was named after the other—they haven't had it long.

CLEMENTINA. I don't understand.

FITZHEW. That's a little Mexican joke, my dear. It's a short river—they haven't had it long—see.

CLEMENTINA. Tell me, Ben, did you see the Alameda?

FITZHEW. Did I—I tried to catch one for a toy for the house. Oh, yes, they are very lovely—skipping about, from tree to tree, and the female alamedas are more so. (*Aside*) I wonder if they are alive.

CLEMENTINA. I don't believe you saw it—

FITZHEW. Well, it was a bad day—it was snowing—

CLEMENTINA. I mean the grand park—the Alameda.

FITZHEW. Oh, you mean the Alameda—Clemmie, I'm surprised at you. You must brush up on your Spanish, I thought you said the Alamedines, that's Mexican for chip-monks.

CLEMENTINA. (*Rises, crosses to L. C. At piano, sees pictures*) By the way, Ben, whatever became of the photograph case of mine you used to prize so highly?

FITZHEW. I lost it.

CLEMENTINA. Lost it—your friend Loveall returned it to me—there it is.

FITZHEW. Loveall—where did he get it?

CLEMENTINA. He got it from a Spanish lady named Paquita.

FITZHEW. Now, I knew that there was something I wanted to tell you. Well, I called at the house and, of course, I showed them the portrait of my darling wife—that's why I went all the way up there. I must have left it on the table.

CLEMENTINA. Where was this?

FITZHEW. In Mexico, Mexico, at the Hotel Jardin on the 22nd.

CLEMENTINA. And you were there on the 22nd.

FITZHEW. Why, certainly, I was; ask Loveall?

CLEMENTINA. Then, why didn't you answer my telegram sent the 22nd, to the Hotel Jardin?

FITZHEW. What did you say?

CLEMENTINA. Why didn't you answer my telegram?

FITZHEW. Telegram!

CLEMENTINA. Yes, telegram.

FITZHEW. (*Rises, crosses c.*) Because—

(*Ad lib. Spanish.*)

CLEMENTINA. You tell me in English.

FITZHEW. It's just the same in English.

CLEMENTINA. I don't understand your Spanish.

FITZHEW. You understand it as well as I do.

CLEMENTINA. Tell me why you did not answer my telegram.

FITZHEW. Clemmy, I don't like to betray secrets; but this Paquita is Loveall's sweetheart and when he introduced her to me she tried to flirt with me—but I was "still thinking of you," so I packed my things and left that hotel on the 21st.

CLEMENTINA. Ben, I am so glad you told me the truth of this.

FITZHEW. I'm glad it's over, myself, dear.

CLEMENTINA. I'll confess I was a little bit jealous.

FITZHEW. Of your little bronco?

CLEMENTINA. Yes, I was; for I know Paquita was there; but you were not there on the 22nd, were you?

FITZHEW. I solemnly swear that I was not at the Hotel Jardin on the 22nd.

CLEMENTINA. And you'll never go to Mexico again?

FITZHEW. Not unless they take me in a wagon with a bell on it.

CLEMENTINA. You'll stay home with me, always, won't you, Ben?

FITZHEW. Yes—always—Clemmy, there's nothing in Mexico. No matter what they tell you, you believe me—I found Mexico nothing but a cell. (CLEMENTINA *starts up-stage*) Where are you going, dear?

CLEMENTINA. I'm going to find Mr. Majors and tell him that you were not at the Hotel Jardin on the 22nd. (*Exits L. 3 E.*)

FITZHEW. That's right—and I'll find him first and put him on. (*Starts R. 2. Enter MIRANDA R. 3 E. Bus. MIRANDA trying to pass FITZHEW*) What is this, a waltz or a two step?

MIRANDA. Mr. Fitzhew, didn't I see you in jail the other day?

FITZHEW. Sh! Keep quiet—you know you did.

MIRANDA. You needn't be afraid, I haven't said anything to your wife. Mr. Fitzhew, what were you doing in jail?

FITZHEW. Why, the simplest thing in the world—I thought everybody knew that. You remember when I left here how sick I was, stricken down with fever—I told everybody that I was going to Mexico for my health, but the doctor that I wanted to see was in the jail hospital and I had to go there—you understand?

MIRANDA. Yes.

FITZHEW. Yes, she don't.

MIRANDA. You had the fever the day you was taken away—I remember the towel around your head—the pitchers of ice water and the mysterious Doctor in the house.

FITZHEW. Yes, Dr. Cook. (*Lockstep*)

MIRANDA. Is it all over now?

FITZHEW. Yes, my time was up at nine o'clock this morning.

MIRANDA. What?

FITZHEW. That is, the fever runs thirty days.

MIRANDA. Was the attendance good at the hospital?

FITZHEW. Very—I was constantly watched, and Miranda, as you have been good enough to keep my secret, keep this. (*Gives coin*)

MIRANDA. Thank you—why—what is this?

FITZHEW. That's a Mexican coin I brought you.

MIRANDA. A Mexican coin?

FITZHEW. It's a Mexican flemph.

MIRANDA. A what?

FITZHEW. A Mexican flemph—it's in the book. (*Exit MIRANDA R. I E.*) If she tries to spend that they'll put her in "77" where I was. (*Enter NETTIE R. 3 E. Sits at piano*) I'm getting sick of this tamale business. Mexican flags, symbolic of my trip—if my wife—

(NETTIE *plays piano, few bars of convict music.*
Exit FITZHEW R. 2 E. Bus. lockstep.)

NETTIE. I couldn't find Pop anywhere—I don't see where his consent comes in anyway.

(Enter MAJORS C. I E.)

MAJORS. My plans are working beautifully—

now to get Farrar and Daunton to aid me and Fitz will owe me life-long gratitude. (*Crosses to L. c.*)

NETTIE. Say, Pop, I want to speak to you—important business. (*Crosses to MAJORS L.*)

MAJORS. What is it about, my dear?

NETTIE. I don't want to run any chance of being an old maid, so I told Mr. Farrar he could hope.

MAJORS. Engaged?

NETTIE. Yes.

MAJORS. Be careful, Nettie, matrimony is a very serious step.

NETTIE. I know it, Pop, but other girls have done it and I want to prove that I'm game too.

MAJORS. (*Aside*) She's just like her mother. (*Aloud*) Nettie, dear, you have my consent and if everything doesn't run smoothly, you just come to Daddy and I'll fix it for you.

NETTIE. Thank you, Pop.

(Enter MIRANDA R. I. E.)

MIRANDA. I'd like to find out more about this Mexican trip. (*To MAJORS*) Mr. Majors—Mr. Fitzhew's wasn't very well when he started for Mexico, was he?

MAJORS. Well, as far as I—(*Aside*) I wonder how much this girl knows. (*Crosses to L. Aloud to NETTIE*) Nettie, hadn't you better run along and find that future husband of yours?

NETTIE. No, let him come to me.

MAJORS. That's so—I never thought of that.

MIRANDA. (*Up r. c.*) See here, Mr. Majors, you needn't think you're fooling me—I know where Mr. Fitzhew was.

MAJORS. (*Crosses to her*) Hush, for Heaven's sake, he's been in jail.

MIRANDA and NETTIE. Jail!

MAJORS. (*To MIRANDA*) There—now you've done it. (*To NETTIE*) I meant the jail hospital—

now you keep quiet about this. He's been to Mexico as far as we know—and the less you know the more you get. You know. (*Gives money*)

MIRANDA. Yes, I know. (*Exits C. D. L.*)

NETTIE. Say, Pop, what does this mean?

MAJORS. Now, Nettie dear, don't you ask any questions. Mr. Fitzhew's entire future is at stake unless he could convince his wife that he has been in Mexico.

NETTIE. But he has been there?

MAJORS. Has he?

NETTIE. Certainly.

MAJORS. Of course we know he was there, but his wife—she might not believe it.

NETTIE. Say, Pop, I'll help you—if you tell Mr. Farrar it's all right.

MAJORS. I'll tell Mr. Farrar anything. You just consider yourself married and settled down.

NETTIE. Thank you, Pop. (*Exit NETTIE L. 3 E.*)

MAJORS. (*Up r. c.*) Fitz will never know how much he owes to my diplomacy.

(*Enter FARRAR C. D. L.*)

FARRAR. (*Aside*) Her father—I wonder if she has seen him. (*Aloud*) Mr. Majors, have you seen your daughter?

MAJORS. You are my son.

FARRAR. Good. (*Shakes hands*)

MAJORS. On one condition. I am beginning to distrust Loveall—he may give the whole thing away. Now you took a trip to Mexico a few weeks ago.

FARRAR. Did I?

MAJORS. Yes, you did I—and met Fitz there. Don't you see—I'm doing this to aid my old friend Fitz. You saw him there.

FARRAR. I understand—when?

MAJORS. Um-m—the 22nd.

FARRAR. Where?

MAJORS. Hotel Jardin—City of Mexico.

FARRAR. I saw Fitzhew at the Hotel Jardin, City of Mexico on the 22nd.

MAJORS. Right.

FARRAR. I know your propensity for aiding your friends and being one of the family I want to be as much like you as I possibly can. (*Exits L. 3 E. door*)

MAJORS. (*Crosses down 2*) I'm proud of that boy.

(*Enter DAUNTON C. D. L.*)

DAUNTON. Hello, Majors. (*Crosses R. C.*)

MAJORS. Daunton, you're the very man I want. There's a doubt of Fitz being able to prove that he was in Mexico—I want you to say you saw him there.

DAUNTON. I can't. I've been here most every day.

MAJORS. That's a mere matter of detail. Can't you say that you have a letter from him postmarked Hotel Jardin, City of Mexico dated on the 22nd?

DAUNTON. Yes, I can, but I won't.

MAJORS. Oh, my boy; he needs me more now than ever.

DAUNTON. (*Crosses c.*) I'll do it for you, Majors, but not for him. He has treated me with contempt and I see no reason why I should aid him.

MAJORS. He was hasty, my boy—he told me all about it—you do this and rely on my assertion that he will apologize and give his consent to your marriage.

(*Enter SALLIE R. I E.*)

SALLIE. Have you seen Ben? (r. c.)

DAUNTON. No—but Mr. Majors assures me your brother acknowledged his error and will give his consent to our marriage.

SALLIE. Are you sure?

MAJORS. Did I ever break my word? Have I ever failed to help my friends in trouble?

SALLIE. No.

DAUNTON. Very well. Mr. Majors, you depend on us and we'll depend on you. (*Exit SALLIE and DAUNTON L. 3 E.*)

MAJORS. (l.) Now I'll force Fitz to acknowledge the value of my friendship.

(*Enter LOVEALL R. I.*)

LOVEALL. Well, Majors, it's all up.

MAJORS. What do you mean?

LOVEALL. I have just received word that the commissioners at their last meeting came to the conclusion that I was too artistic for a warden so they have appointed Deputy Sheriff Cook in my place.

MAJORS. I knew you'd get fired some day.

LOVEALL. I never was more pleased in my life. I fully believe in the punishment of crime but there are other walks in life for me than carrying out the sentence of the law. (*Crosses R.*)

(*Enter MIRANDA C. D. L.*)

MIRANDA. Doctor Cook.

(*COOK enters L. C. door.*)

COOK. Beg pardon, sir, but I come to tell you I've just been notified of my appointment, and I wanted you to believe I had nothing to do with it, Mr. Loveall. (r. c.)

LOVEALL. Certainly not. (r.)

COOK. (*Crosses L. c.*) Hello, Mr. Majors, how's your Old friend?

MAJORS. (L.) Fitz?

COOK. Yes.

MAJORS. He's just returned from his beautiful trip to Mexico.

(*All laugh. Enter FITZHEW R. 2 E.*)

FITZHEW. (*Aside*) Cook—I'm pinched again. (*Starts to exit*)

COOK. Hello "77."

FITZHEW. You don't want me to go again, do you?

LOVEALL. No, Mr. Cook came to tell me he's been appointed in my place.

FITZHEW. Oh, your time is up too, eh? (*To COOK*) Take that hat off. (*Goes to table and sits L. of table R. C.*)

COOK. (*To c.*) Stand up!

(*Enter CLEMENTINA L. 3 E. door, down to L. of COOK.*)

FITZHEW. Clemmie, you know Mr. Cook. (*Introducing*)

(*MAJORS crosses up to R. C. at back.*)

CLEMENTINA. Oh, I remember, you were here last month.

COOK. Yes, I came to arrest—

FITZHER. Majors; don't you remember—he came to arrest Majors and I got him out. (*To LOVEALL*) Get him out of here. (*Crosses to piano*)

LOVEALL. If you will allow me—Warden, I'll take the liberty of offering you a drink of Mr. Fitzhew's old private stock and drink to your new position.

CLEMENTINA. You'll stay and join us in our reunion supper in honor of my husband's return.

COOK. 'Course I will, ma'am. Your husband's the best prisoner—

(FITZHEW *bangs on piano*—MAJORS and LOVEALL drag COOK off R. 3 E. *ad lib.* FITZHEW crosses to C.)

CLEMENTINA. (*Crosses 2*) Prisoner? Benjamin, did you hear him?

FITZHEW. What?

CLEMENTINA. Did you hear Mr. Cook say that my husband was a prisoner?

FITZHEW. He thinks you're Majors' wife. I'll go and tell him you're my wife. I want you to know this Cook—he's a nice fellow. Oh, Cook, Cook. (*Exit FITZHEW C. to R.*)

(Enter MIRANDA C. D. L.)

MIRANDA. Mrs. Fitzhew, the man is in the hall complaining about the supper.

CLEMENTINA. Send him up to me.

(Enter LOUIS C. L. *door.*)

MIRANDA. Here he is. (*Exit MIRANDA C. D. R.*)

LOUIS. I came to make the large tamale sup.

CLEMENTINA. The waiter who saw me at the Cleopatra!

(Enter FITZHEW R. 3 E.)

LOUIS. (*Sees FITZHEW*) "77."

FITZHEW. "89" get out of here. (*Exit LOUIS C. D. L.*) Where did you get that man?

CLEMENTINA. The caterer sent him to serve the supper.

FITZHEW. Get rid of him, he's an anarchist.

CLEMENTINA. Do you know him?

FITZHEW. Why, certainly, I know him—"When I blow the whistle, you killa the ward—"

CLEMENTINA. Where did you meet him?

FITZHEW. He had the next cell to mine.

CLEMENTINA. Cell?

FITZHEW. That is, he was arrested—

CLEMENTINA. Arrested?

FITZHEW. The same day that Majors was—

CLEMENTINA. What do you mean?

FITZHEW. I don't know what I mean.

CLEMENTINA. Benjamin, we'll never mention him again.

FITZHEW. You can bet I never will. (*Exits R. 2 E.*)

(*Enter MAJORS R. 1 E.*)

MAJORS. It's all right, Mrs. Fitzhew, Mr. Cook said he'd remain to dinner. Well, Ben has returned —how glad you must be to see him.

CLEMENTINA. Indeed I am.

MAJORS. He's been away a long time, but this Mexican trip has done him a world of good—he has enjoyed it immensely.

CLEMENTINA. Yes, but he was not at the Hotel Jardin on the 22nd.

MAJORS. Oh, yes, he was.

CLEMENTINA. But I know that he was not.

MAJORS. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Fitzhew, I know he was.

(*Enter DAUNTON and SALLIE, L. 3 E. Enter FITZHEW R. 2 E.*)

MAJORS. She has discovered all. Poor Fitz! I'll save him yet. Fitz, my boy, don't you worry any more. I'll fix it for you. (*Enter NETTIE and*

FARRAR *door r. 3 E.*) Mrs. Fitzhew, don't you believe what those other people have been saying to you—your husband has told you the truth! Mr. Daunton, when was your letter from Mr. Fitzhew dated?

DAUNTON. The 22nd.

MAJORS. Where?

DAUNTON. Hotel Jardin, City of Mexico.

FITZHEW. No, no, no—

MAJORS. Mr. Farrar, when did you see Mr. Fitzhew?

FARRAR. On the 22nd.

MAJORS. Where?

FARRAR. Hotel Jardin, City of Mexico.

MAJORS. There you are—you swear!

FARRAR *and* DAUNTON. We swear!

FITZHEW. (*Crosses to c.*) I'd like to be alone now—I'd show you how to swear.

MAJORS. Fitz, my boy, you see I've not deserted you yet.

FITZHEW. You said you'd fix it for me and I think you have this time. Don't believe him, Clemmie.

CLEMENTINA. I didn't believe it of you to deceive me like this.

(Enter LOVEALL and COOK *r. 3 E.* As COOK enters
FARRAR *crosses to r.*)

FITZHEW. Now listen, Clemmie, I'll tell you the truth.

CLEMENTINA. Don't speak to me.

FITZHEW. I have not been in Mexico at all.

ALL. What!

FITZHEW. No, I have been in jail.

LADIES. Jail!

CLEMENTINA. You expect me to believe this?

FITZHEW. (*To Cook*) Cook, haven't I been in jail for thirty days?

COOK. That's right.

SALLIE. What did you go to jail for?

FITZHEW. For thirty days. I just told you.

DAUNTON. But why?

FITZHEW. To shield the wife I love from disgrace.

CLEMENTINA. Humph!

FITZHEW. Yes? Humph! Now listen, one month ago to-night I was at the Cleopatra.

CLEMENTINA. So was I? (*Falls on knees*)

FITZHEW. What were you doing there?

MAJORS. Now let me fix this—(*Crosses to c.*)

FITZHEW. If you open your mouth I'll kill you—I'll fix this.

CLEMENTINA. And you knew I was arrested?

FITZHEW. Yes—but I couldn't bear to see you in those prison stripes and when I found out you were to serve thirty days, I took your place.

CLEMENTINA. (*Rises*) Benjamin, I never realized the true nobility of your character until now. Won't you forgive me?

FITZHEW. On one condition.

CLEMENTINA. Anything, Benjamin, anything.

FITZHEW. That you cross Mexico off the map.

MAJORS. I knew I'd fix it.

(Enter MIRANDA C. D. R.)

MIRANDA. Supper is served.

CLEMENTINA. Benjamin, I have a little surprise for you. (*Spanish speech*) Va mos a tener obla Podrida.

FITZHEW. What's that?

CLEMENTINA. A sort of Mexican stew with beans.

FITZHEW. I don't want any more beans.

CLEMENTINA. Now let me see how shall I arrange this. Mr. Loveall and Mr. Farrar take Nettie,

Mr. Daunton you take Sallie, Mr. Majors will take me.

(*All start to exit c. d.*)

Cook. Say, Fitz, what will I take? (*Exit Cook*)

FITZHEW. You take that hat off and keep it off. (*Exit doing lockstep*)

(*Music. Lockstep. All take partners. Music forte for*)

CURTAIN.

THE MAN FROM MEXICO

Property Plot

Act 1 Scene. Light Fancy Interior

Green baize or ground cloth (down)	1 fancy table 2 ft. 6 in. square (On table) fancy table cover
Medallion, 6 fancy rugs	Tap bell, silver tray
White and gold furniture	Silver pitcher (to hold aquart)
1 sofa, 4 chairs	Cut-glass decanter
1 arm chair	2 small whiskey gasses
6 reception chairs	Matches
4 onyx stands	Electric bell R 3 E
What-not and bric-a-brac	2 empty siphons R 3 E
Large upright hall hat-rack	2 vases, 2 statuettes
Fancy screen, 6 feet high	4 plants in pots, 4 jardiniers L 3 E
Wooden chair without back	Lady's valise, 2 hat boxes, 1 dress
Hat tree R 2 E	box R 3 E
Picture and easel	Card tray, 2 visiting cards L 4 E
Small willow table and chair L 3 E	Curtains for large openings [See scene plot]

Act 2 Scene. Interior of Prison Warden's Office

Green baize or ground cloth	Documents, writing material
Office furniture—oak	Large ledger
Office writing table	Pen and inkstand (on dask)
4 round-back Vienna chairs	2 silver tray, 2 decanters
Small upright writing desk	6 champagne glasses, 6 whiskey
Swivel office chair	glasses
Leather covered couch	Fancy bottles, 3 napkins, 2 towels
Fancy sideboard with mirror	Fancy cigar box (on sideboard)
Upright piano and stool	1 newspaper
2 small stands	Dark curtain (on arch) R 2 E
Waste basket	Bass drum L 3 E
4 large books (on stands)	Sure-fire revolver (loaded) L 3 E
4 pieces of sheet music	Sure-fire shotgun (loaded) L 3 E
Piano cover and 3 pieces of bric-a-brac (on piano)	4 pairs of handcuffs
	4 supers, without mustaches

Act 3 Scene. Same as Act 1

Use same Furniture, Mexican ornaments and covers Piano and stool, sheet music, Tap bell on table. Resin board, L 3 E

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production.

Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

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An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

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THE TOUCH-DOWN.

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY.

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammeled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

THE VARSITY COACH.

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males, 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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THE RETURN OF HI JINKS.

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jinks's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jinks's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please.

Price, 30 Cents.

JUNE.

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried, likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired.

Price, 30 Cents.

TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years.

Price, 30 Cents.

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JUST PUBLISHED
Nothing But the Truth
A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts
By
James Montgomery
Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive!"

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce.

Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.

Price, 30 Cents.

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